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THE THREE TROOPERS.

DURING THE PROTECTORATE.

Into the Devil tavern
Three booted troopers strode,
From spur to feather spotted and splashed,
With the mud of a winter road.
In each of their cups they dropped a crust,
And stared at the guests with a frown;
Then drew their swords, and roared for a toast,
"God send this Crum-well-down!"

A blue smoke rose from their pistol locks,
Their sword blades were still wet;
There were long red smears on their jerkins of buff,
As the tables they overset,
Then into their cups they stirred the crust,
And cursed old London town,
When waved their swords, and drank with a stamp,
"God send this Crum-well-down!"

The 'prentice dropped his can of beer,
The lost turned pale as a clout,
The ruby nose of the toping squire
Grew white at the wild men's shout,
Then into their cups they flung the crust,
And showed their teeth with a frown;
They flashed their swords as they gave the toast,
"God send this Crum-well-down!"

The gambler dropped his dog's eared cards,
The waiting woman screamed;
As the light of the fire like a stain of blood
On the wild men's sabres gleamed,
Then into their cups they splashed a crust,
And cursed the fool of a town,
And leapt on the table, and roared a toast,
"God send this Crum-well-down!"

Till on a sudden the fire bells rang,
And the troopers sprang to horse;
The eldest muttered between his teeth,
Hot curses—deep and coarse
In their stirrup cups they flung the crust,
And cried as they spurred through town,
With their keen swords drawn and their pistols cocked,
"God send this Crum-well-down!"

Away they dashed through Temple Bar,
Their red cloaks flowing free,
Their scabbards clashed, their back-piece shone,—
None liked to touch the three.
The silver cups that held the crusts
They flung to the startled town,
Shouting again, with a blaze of swords,
"God send this Crum-well-down!"

—*Dublin University Magazine.*

Pictures of Life.

THE STEWARD'S BARGAIN.

BY HESTER HALLIWELL.

CHAPTER I.

A number of clergy were pouring out of the town of Chelsbro, for the archdeacon had that day held a visitation in its cathedral. Some who were not pressed for time or funds, had proceeded from the cathedral to one or other of the hotels, to take up their quarters for the night, but by far the larger portion turned their way to their country homes. We must notice one, who set off to walk. He was of middle height and slender frame, with a look, not altogether of ill health about him, but as if he had none too much superfluous strength. A walk of nine miles was before him, and the cold evening was drawing on. He glanced up at the skies dubiously. They threatened rain, and he was not well protected from it, if it came, for he was only in his black clothes and white neckcloth. He had a great coat at home, but it was shabby: the arms were white, and there was a piece let in at one of the elbows, and it was darned under the arms, so he had not dared to put it on that morning when he was going to mix with his brother clergy.

And now that Chelsbro was left behind, and he was on the lonely road, where he was likely to meet few, if any, observers, he drew off his black gloves, and, diving into a pocket of his great coat, pulled out some bread and butter wrapped in a piece of newspaper. He proceeded to eat it, with the air of a man whose appetite is dainty, for it has passed. His had, for he had fasted since the morning; but he knew that to keep up his strength at all, he must eat, and, failing good food, must eat plain. But the butter was salt, and made him thirsty, and he felt giddy with his long confinement in the old cathedral, and his limbs shrank from the walk before him.

"This will never do," he murmured, looking into his stock of money, which proved to be eightpence. "I wonder if I could afford a glass of ale? To do so, I must change the sixpence."

He turned, with a sigh, for sixpences, with him were not to be changed lightly, into a public-house which stood on the road-side. The landlady came forward from the bar.

"A glass of ale, if you please, Mrs. Finch, to fortify me for my walk."

"With pleasure, sir; please step into the parlor. We have just got in some famous double stout; perhaps you would prefer a glass of that?"

The clergyman hesitated. He would have preferred the stout; it was a luxury he did not often taste, but he feared that the price might be more than the ale, twopence. He could not for shame ask; the blush mantled in his pale cheek at the thought. So he said he would take ale, and the landlady fetched it, and stood by, gossipping, while he drank it.

"You have got a smart walk afore you, sir," she remarked, as he prepared to depart, "and I'm afeard it will rain. You don't look over strong to face it, nor as hearty, sir, as when you was last by here in the summer."

"I must put my best foot foremost."

"We shall soon be going to tea, sir, if you'd wait—if I might make so bold as to offer to send you a cup in here, with a bit of ham, a beauty we have got in cut," resumed the kind-hearted landlady, scanning her visitor's slender form, and knowing his slender income.

"Thank you," he interrupted, "you are very kind, but I must spare the time—I must try and get on before the rain comes. One of my parishioners is also dangerously ill, and, on his account, I must not delay. Good afternoon, Mrs. Finch; once more thank you kindly."

He walked on, and had gained the fourth milestone when the rain began, heavily. Some trees formed a shelter by the roadside, and he halted under them, the bent, twisted trunk of one affording a sort of seat. He removed his hat and rubbed his forehead with his handkerchief. It was a wide, expansive forehead, but the hair was wearing off the temples, as it often does with those who have a weight of thought or care. The skies looked dark around, as if the rain had set in for the night, and the gray of the evening was coming on. He watched the rain gloomily enough. The prospect of soaking his new clothes, and so causing them to shrink, was not a cheering one, for it was indeed hidden in the womb of time when he might be able to provide himself with another suit. But there was a darker fear, still. Last winter, and the winter before, and for several winters previous to that, a suspicion of the rheumatism had flown about him, and Jessup the doctor had warned him, not a week ago, that a good wetting to the skin might fix it on him. He could not fail of being wet to the skin, if he walked five miles in that rain.

Just then the sound of wheels was heard, on the Chelsbro side, and the clergyman looked eagerly in the direction. Should it be any farmer in his gig, who knew him, or a parishioner, they would give him a lift.

It was neither farmer nor parishioner. It was the luxurious carriage of the Reverend Mr. Cockburn, his fellow-laborer at Chelson. He was being driven home from the visitation. He happened to be looking from the right-hand window as he passed, a stout, red-faced man, but he did not stop the carriage or offer the vacant seat at his side.

"He may not have seen me," murmured the poor clergyman to himself, as he gazed wistfully after the fast wheels of the retreating chariot. "Though I did think, until to-day, that he would have invited me to go and return with him."

It sped out of sight, and he had nothing to do but watch the rain again. His thoughts reverted to the contrast in his position with that of the rich man who had driven by. Not always could he prevent their reverting to it. It was almost a case of Dives and Lazarus. The Reverend Mr. Cockburn was the rector of St. Paul's, one of the two churches at Chelson. The living was worth £1,400 a year, and he had a private fortune. His table was luxurious, his servants were many, he had carriages and saddle-horses, he went out every summer for three months—it was necessary for his health, he represented to the Bishop of Chelsbro, and for that of Mrs. Cockburn—but when he was at home he had no trouble with his parish, all the hard work in it being turned over to his curate. *He*, the Reverend Alfred Halliwell, with his delicate wife and his seven children, could find but a bare allowance of clothes and food, for St. Stephen's living, of which he was the incumbent, was worth but £150, all told. He was a more eloquent man in the pulpit than he who had driven past, was more learned in theology, had taken higher honors at the university; was more active over the parish labors than that gentleman and his curate put together; yet he could scarcely live, whilst Mr. Cockburn—

"I am getting into this dissatisfied train of thought again," he uttered. "Lord keep me from it."

There seemed to be no probability of the rain leaving off. Of course he could not remain under the trees all night, so he rose, and walked on in it. Before he reached Chelson, he was thoroughly wetted, and glad enough he was to see the lights of the town. It was dark then, and as he passed by the railings of a large house at the town's entrance, the glare of light from the windows of its reception-rooms struck upon his eyes. Fires were blazing in both: the blinds being drawn down in one, but in the other he saw the cloth laid for dinner, and the rich wine in the decanters was glittering in the fire-light. Involuntarily he halted to contemplate the picture of luxury and comfort, but at that moment the clocks rang out seven, and he hastened on. It was the residence of Mr. Cockburn.

A few minutes more brought him to the door of his own home, a newly erected, small, red-brick house. It was not the vicarage, which he had first occupied when appointed to St. Stephen's. From that he had been obliged to remove, for it was situated in the churchyard, very low, and the damp had threatened to lay him up for life. There arose, also, at times, a shocking malaria from the graves. His wife never had her health, his children were continually ailing, and at length Mr. Jessup said that if they wanted to live, they must leave the vicarage. So he took this small house near, which reduced his scanty income by two-and-twenty pounds.

He knocked at the door and a troop of eager feet ran to it. His second and third children were girls of nine and ten: they were soiled merino frocks and ragged pinafores.

"Oh, papa!" exclaimed Emma, "how wet you are!"

He laid his hand fondly on as many heads as came within its reach, and went into the parlor. His wife was lying on the sofa, and the fire had gone out.

"Why, Mabel! no fire! I am drenched and shivering."

She rose up, pressing her temples.

"You naughty children! How could you let the fire out? Why did you not look to it? Oh, Alfred, I have had such a day with these boys! It is always the same. The moment you are gone, they turn the house out of its windows with uproar. I ceased to speak to them at last, and lay down with a pillow over my ears. My head is splitting."

"Have you got any tea?" inquired Mr. Halliwell, too familiar with these complaints to take much notice of them.

"I'm sure I don't know whether Betty kept the teapot. Annie, go and see."

"Papa," cried George, the eldest, a high-spirited boy of eleven, running in, "Betty says she has got some warm dry things for you, for she guessed you would be wet. And she says you had better change them by the kitchen fire, and she'll put the young ones to bed the while."

He went shivering into the kitchen, thankful that there was a fire somewhere, and somebody to think of him. Betty, the prop and stay of the domestic house, was a hard-featured woman between fifty and sixty, slim and active, with untidy gray hair. She had served the vicar before his marriage, and then was discharged for a more stylish servant, but when things grew hard with them, they were glad to take old Betty and her worth again. Younger servants liked to dress fine, and were perpetually wanting their wages, which it was not always convenient to pay: Betty never asked for hers, and, let her fare as hard as she would, never complained of the food. She had her faults—does anybody know a servant without them?—her chief one was a crabbed temper: Mrs. Halliwell called it "cross-grained." However, Betty was never cross-grained with her master: she held him in too high reverence.

"Why, master," she exclaimed, "if you are not dripping wet! Couldn't you borrow no umbrella, nor coat, nonnothing? Do pray make haste and get the things off."

"Papa," cried a sturdy young fellow, who had sat himself down on the warm bricks before the kitchen fire, "do you know they have been to say——"

"Now, Tom, you hold your tongue," interposed Betty, sharply. "Kiss your pa, and say good-night, and I'll take you and some of the rest to bed. Master, don't lose no time, for I know you must be a catching cold."

"Good-night, Thomas," he said, stooping to kiss the child. "Stay: have you said your prayers?"

"Oh, I'll hear him his prayers," returned Betty, in a tone that savored somewhat of irreverence. "You get them things off, sir."

Betty shut the door, and took Tom and three more up-stairs to bed. She was not long over it: there was no time to be long over anything, in that house. When she returned, the vicar had got on the warm clothes, and was shaking out the wet ones.

"They have let the fire out in the parlor," she began. "I never did see such a house as this. If I don't have my eye over everthing, it goes wrong. I took in a fresh box of coal, and told 'em to be sure and keep a good fire up, for you; and missis lies down, and the others gets playing, and of course out it goes. Such a noise as there have been all day! enough to drive one crazy. Missis don't keep 'em in order one bit, and if I goes to do it, she's angry with me. Master, you'll have your tea by the fire here, won't you?"

"Is there any tea?" was the reply.

"Why, sir! and the teapot on the trivet there, a staring you in the face! I made it after they had done theirs, so it have been a stewing long enough. Did you think, sir, I had put it there empty, with nothing in it?"

He had not thought about it. His outer eyes had no doubt seen the teapot standing above the fire, but his mind was absent, and he could not have told whether it was a teapot or a saucepan, or, indeed, whether it was anything."

"I'll see to them, master," cried Betty, whisking the wet clothes out of his hand; "you can't do no good with them." She then drew a small round table close to the fire, put a cup and saucer on it, with a little bit of cold steak and some bread, and poured out the tea.

"Why, Betty, that was what went out for your dinner!" exclaimed Mrs. Halliwell, who had come into the kitchen, and sat down by her husband. "You must have eaten nothing."

"I ate enough," crossly responded Betty, who had an angry aversion to be reminded of her own acts of kindness. "Meat don't agree with me, and I have said so twenty times; I prefers potaters. I wish it had been more for master; he must want it, bad enough, after his walk."

"I trust you have not taken cold, Alfred," said Mrs. Halliwell, in a concerned tone. She was a young woman still, only a year or two past thirty, with a mild, unresisting expression, as if she could lie down and die under troubles, but never battle with them. "Oh—did Betty tell you Stokes's servant came down, just before you returned? He was worse, and had asked for the Sacrament."

Up started Mr. Halliwell.

"I'll go at once," he said; "why did you not tell me?"

"Now, missis!" remonstrated Betty, "as if you could not have let him drink his tea in peace! I warned the children not to say anything till their pa was dry and comfortable; and they didn't, only Tom, and I stopped him. Sit still, master, and finish your morsel of meat. Old Stokes ain't a going off this minute; he ain't in such a mortal hurry as all that. You have got plenty of time."

He thought not. He was ever most anxious to fulfill his duties, especially towards the poor and sick; few clergymen had a deeper sense of their great responsibility in the sight of God. He swallowed the meat standing, gulped down the scalding tea, put on his old great-coat, and started off into the wet again.

CHAPTER II.

The reader may glean that the Reverend Alfred Halliwell's life was cast in a sea of perplexity, and so I found it when I went to stay a week or two with them, about this time. I had not been to Chelson for twelve years, and had not seen his wife since their marriage. All I could do, at first, was to look at her, for I never in my life saw anybody so altered. Instead of two-and-thirty, she looked two-and-forty.

"It is the hard life I live," she said, in answer to a remark, "the constant anxiety, the worry and trouble of the children. Ah, Miss Halliwell! do you remember begging me to consider the future well, before I hastened to marry upon so small an income? You told me that the daily crosses and privations, inseparable from a home of poverty, pressed more heavily upon the wife than the husband."

"I do remember it, Mabel."

"If I had but listened to you! But mamma was most to blame. She must have known how difficult it was to exist upon such a living as Alfred's. I think they were all mad in those days."

"Who?"

"The girls of Chelson and their mothers. From the moment Alfred was appointed here, they began to hunt him down, as dogs do a hare. Mamma kept me in the background because she wanted my elder sisters to marry first; but I was led away by the popular mania, contrived meetings with the new clergyman for myself, and he chose me. Oh! that it had been any of them, instead of me! Not that I regret it, except in a pecuniary light. Alfred has been an excellent husband to me, one in ten thousand. But this wearing, hopeless poverty is enough to turn my brain."

"Mabel, I do think you might have managed a little better.

"I know I was a bad manager at first, but the best management will not stave off sickness, and it is sickness which has so pulled us down. That vicarage was such a place to live in! You saw nothing of it; you were only there in the summer months; but in winter the damp positively ran down from the walls. How the children were reared in it, I don't know, but I believe another winter in it would have done for Alfred. And the smells from the graves, when wet came on after a season of dry weather, would render me so sick that I could not eat. Once we were all down, except Alfred and Betty, and one of the boys, with an infectious fever. I cannot tell the money we owe Mr. Jessup."

"I am sorry to hear it, I exclaimed.

"It must be a great deal. He has never sent in his bill—I will say that everybody has been most considerate to us. Alfred has given him small sums of it, from time to time, as he could afford. But with so many children to clothe and feed, what can be spared out of two pounds a week?"

"You have more than that, Mabel."

"Very little, I can tell you. In the first year or two of our marriage, we got into debt, and yet I strove to be contriving and economical. But I suppose I had not the knack of it, I was so inexperienced; and we began life more as I had been accustomed to live at my mother's. People were free enough to blame us, I heard, but I declare that we had no ill intention—it seemed that the more we strove to save, the deeper into debt we got. My confinements were expensive, and they came on so rapidly, and I had the luck, at those times, of having an extravagant servant and a selfish nurse, who managed the housekeeping between them, and pretty bills came in. Then we had bought some furniture on our marriage, and that debt embarrassed us. So Alfred came to the resolution of borrowing a few hundreds——"

"The worst resolution he could have come to," I interrupted.

"Well, he did it. But we believed that at papa's death we should be able to pay off everything, and be beforehand with the world. But when poor papa did die, we found there was nothing; mamma even was left badly off. So ever since we have been struggling to pay off this borrowed money; a little one year, and a little another; besides the interest. Oh, Hester! I am weary of life. The same cares, the same pinchings from year's end to year's end. Matilda has never forgiven me for marrying Alfred, for she counted on having him herself, but she is much better off than I am. She is out as nursery governess, and gets £25 a year. Girls are so eager to be married! but they would be less so if they could take a peep into the mirror of the future. Marry in haste, and repent at leisure."

The children began to come into the room. I had seen the elder ones the previous night, but the rest had gone to bed when I arrived.

"What is the matter with this one?" I exclaimed, hastily, as a sickly-looking little thing limped in behind the rest.

"That is David. We fear he was thrown down, for when about two years old he grew suddenly lame, and then abscesses formed. He is never without them. But his health does not seem to suffer; he has a great appetite."

The child looked up at me, with his man face, and his dreamy, brown eyes, betraying so much *mind*. He gave a faint cry as I took him on my knee.

"Do I hurt you, my little boy?"

"It always hurts me," he answered. "Not much."

"Now, children," said their mamma, "run into the kitchen. You are to have your breakfast there this morning. Sam, don't look so black; Betty's got some treacle."

"Oh!" shouted Sam, "that's famous!" And he rushed off, followed by the others. I kept David on my knee.

"Let him go with the rest, Hester. If he stops here he will be wanting the eggs. Betty is boiling three for us."

"Oh, Mabel! if he does!" I involuntarily exclaimed. "How can you begrudge an egg to this weakly child?"

She looked at me till the tears stood in her eyes.

"Begrudge it! I would *sell* myself to procure proper food for my children, but if it cannot be procured, what am I to do? We got these eggs in because you were coming, and we could not put one on the table for you and go without ourselves, it would make our poverty too conspicuous. You see you are making me betray the secrets of our prison-house," she added, with a bad attempt at merriment.

"I really beg your pardon, Mabel. I spoke without reflection."

"You only spoke as others would have done, all who possess not my bitter experience. It is a shame," resumed Mrs. Halliwell, in a tone of deep indignation, "that the Church of England should pay her ministers so badly! Its glaring contrasts are enough to sicken one of religion, as pertaining to the Establishment. Who can wonder that we have so many dissenters? Look no further than this town; the one church giving its minister fourteen hundred a year, the other only one hundred and fifty. Why should they not render these more of an equality?"

"I suppose they could not, under the present system."

"Then the system should be changed. It is a crying sin, Hester, that a gentleman who has dedicated his life to the service of the Church should be paid less than a common mechanic. Alfred makes me wild, because he takes things so patiently. I know he feels them, but he never complains or murmurs, and when I break out, which I can't help doing, he goes on in his mild, stupid, uncomplaining way about *bearing* one's cross in patient silence. I can't, and I don't try to."

"Where is he?" I inquired, thinking it might be as well, just then, not to argue the point with Mrs. Alfred. "Not up yet?"

"Why, don't you know? He is at the church, reading prayers. That is the reason we are waiting breakfast. Nothing would satisfy some of the people but they must have a daily service at eight, so the two churches take it alternately, two months each, and Alfred's turn is on at present. He is worked nearly off his legs. This is a straggling parish, with many poor, and always some sick. Then there are the schools to attend to, and the different charity clubs and meetings, and the service on the saints' days, and, if you please, the church has now to be opened twice a week, from eleven till twelve, and Alfred has to stick himself there, in case any baptisms or churchings come in. A parcel of rubbish!"

I could not help laughing. Mrs. Alfred brought out the last sentence with such intense indignation.

"Well, I have cause to say it," she went on. "If they work Alfred so much, they ought to pay him more. He had two pupils, who were reading with him, and their pay helped him a great deal; but when they put on all these new-fashioned duties, he was compelled to give them up. It *is* a shame."

Just then my brother returned, and Betty entered with the coffee-pot and the three eggs. She then came round to take up David. He was unwilling to go, and clung to me.

"Ah, that's because he has seen the eggs here," cried Mrs. Halliwell.

"I have cooked him one," interposed Betty. "I gammoned old Knight, at the shop last night, till he gave me one into the shilling's worth, so I have boiled it for him. Missis have got her number all the same, I thought, and it will do Davy no harm. Come along, Davy."

It was Alfred's day for going to the church, and he left at eleven o'clock. After that, Mrs. Halliwell came down with her things on. Little David had come to me again, and I had got him on my knee.

"I am obliged to go out on some business," she said; "I am sorry to leave you."

"Oh, I shall amuse myself very well, talking to Davy. Where are the children?"

"Their papa has set them to their lessons.—Their education gets on very badly, Alfred is obliged to be out so much. If you hear them making a noise, just go and give it them, please. They are in the next room. Betty has got the young one with her."

Mrs. Halliwell departed, and I and David sat making acquaintance with each other, till Betty came into the parlor with a full box of coal. She stumbled over a stool that was in the way, and several lumps rolled on to the worn-out old carpet.

"Now, then! bother the stool! Them children's always a leaving something in the way.—Our eyes don't get no younger, ma'am, nor me neither."

"No, that we don't, Betty. But you seem to be as active and well as ever."

"There's no chance to be otherwise, here.—Sometimes I threaten to leave it, but that's when I'm cross. How do you think master's looking, ma'am?"

"Pretty well, Betty. He was never overstrong to appearance. I think your mistress looks extremely ill."

"Missis has a deal to do, and she don't get good things enough to keep up her strength. Do you know where she's gone now?"

"No."

"She is gone out to give a music lesson. She has took to teaching the pianor."

"Teaching the piano!" I uttered.

"I don't know as I should have told," proceeded Betty, "for missis ain't fond of having it spoke of. Not that she cares, herself, but them Zinks gives themselves such airs. When they first heerd of it, they came here and made such an uproar as never was. Old Mother Zink——Ma'am," broke off Betty, "I hope you will excuse me, but I can't abide that old lady. She was a pushing all her daughters at the head of master, in those old times, and she got her will and snapped him up for one of 'em, and now she comes here, a turning up her nose, and says he doesn't pervide her daughter with things suitable to her station. Well, when things was at a low ebb with us, last autumn, missis pockets her pride, and begins to teach the pianor—which she has got a great talent for music, folks say—and Mrs. Zink and Miss Fanny Zink goes on at her as if it was a crime. But missis is wiser than to give in to them; the money's too useful. She has got six pupils, and they pays her a pound a quarter apiece, which makes four-and-twenty pound in the year. If it were not for that, ma'am, I don't think they could have kept me on, this winter. Though I stops for a'most nothing; just a pair of shoes now and then, for I can't go barefoot."

"Then your mistress does do something, Betty, to aid matters?"

"She does her share, what with one thing and another; she ain't idle. There's the making new things for the children when they gets any, and the patching of the old, which never fails, for one must turn 'em out decent to church on a Sunday, a little like gentlefolks' children, and the ironing the fine things, which is above my rough hands, and the making the pies, which is above 'em too, and the giving these music lessons, and the nursing Davy and the little one, who both cries to be took up, and I have not always got the time, besides her visits round the parish. What with it all, missis don't sit upon a bed of lavender with folded hands, and do nothing but enjoy the smell. My heart!" added Betty, in a different tone, "if here ain't Mrs. Zink."

She opened the door, and Mrs. Zink entered with her daughter Fanny. Both were thinner, and Mrs. Zink had taken to false hair, but otherwise they were little altered.

"Mrs. Halliwell has just stepped out," I said, when they had sat down.

"Ah!" grunted Mrs. Zink, "she has turned herself into a professional. What do you think of her so disgracing her family? I never heard of such a lowering proceeding for a clergyman's wife."

"Money is so much wanted here," I said, in a tone of apology for poor Mabel.

"You need not tell *me* that!" retorted Mrs. Zink, "you don't know it as well as I do. I should just think money is wanted."

"What a lesson this house ought to be to us, against getting married!" ejaculated Miss Fanny Zink to me, heaving up her eyes and one hand. The other could not loose the umbrella.

"Yes; unless we see our future more clearly before us than Alfred and Mabel did. I don't wonder at Mrs. Halliwell's giving music lessons. She does it from a praiseworthy motive."

"I don't care about the motive," wrathfully interrupted Mrs. Zink. "She ought to know better. If it were Fanny, now, who gave a little private instruction, it might be excused. Young—that is, unmarried—ladies often do such things for the sake of pocket-money. But Mabel is a clergyman's wife, and bound to keep up her dignity. As to her husband's permitting it, I cannot find words to express my indignation. He deserves to be tarred and feathered, like they serve the missionaries in those heathen settlements."

"Here he comes," I remarked, noticing my brother's approach from the window.

"Then, Fanny, we will go," cried Mrs. Zink, rising hastily. "I don't care to come across him always, when my temper's up. One gets no satisfaction reproaching him, and it puts me out of sorts for the day. Let me reproach as I will, he keeps on that provoking meekness—wanting to reason, instead of quarrel. If I struck him, I expect it would be all the same. I never saw such an insensible man."

"Oh, no, Mrs. Zink you are mistaken. Mr. Halliwell is not insensible."

"Then he carries his 'Christian feeling,' as some folks call it, very far. Into affectation, and nothing less. You must come and drink tea with us one of these first afternoons, my dear."

"Thank you. If I have time. I shall not be here long."

Alfred came in, shivering and looking blue.

"It is very cold, Hester," he remarked, as he leaned over the fire. "And the church felt so damp to-day."

"Had you anything to do? Any christenings or churchings?"

"No. I generally stop there the hour for nothing. The poor like to choose Sundays—it is their leisure day; and other people always give me notice."

"How is it, Alfred, you have three full services on the Sunday now?—as I hear you have. You used to hold them only morning and evening."

"Yes, but one cannot please everybody. A few people wanted the evening service changed to the afternoon, but most of the parishioners were against it, and the malcontents appealed to the Bishop of Chelsbro. He decided that, according to the rubric, it must be held in the afternoon, and gave me the orders accordingly. But I was unwilling to forego the evening service; I thought I ought not; it is always so fully attended, so I kept it on. In the afternoon we scarcely muster more than forty or fifty; families don't like coming out immediately after their dinner."

"How tired you must be when Sunday night comes!"

"Tolerably exhausted. Sometimes I feel as if I could go to bed and never get up again."

"Alfred, yours is a hard life."

"Do not set me against it," he returned, and the tone of his voice was, for the transient moment, so impassioned, that had Mrs. Zink heard it, she never hereafter would have accused him of want of feeling. "I know that it must be good for me, or it would not be inflicted; and I know that I am being borne up in it, for, of my own strength, I never could *do* and *go through*. When a repining spirit steals over me, I compare my condition with that of others less fortunate than myself; there are numbers so, even of my own calling. There is a poor curate, in a rural parish, Camley, three miles off, a most deserving man.—He has but seventy pounds a year, a wife, a mother, and eight young children, all to be supported out of it, and he is expected, out of this, to give away to the poor, as I have to do. I have seen him, on a week-day, with scarcely a bit of shoe to his foot. Hester, when I feel inclined to murmur, I think of him, and am thankful."

He was preparing to leave the room to hear the children's lessons—not that they could have been learnt, I think, from the outrageous noise which had been kept up, when Betty burst into it, nearly running against him.

"Master! master!" she exclaimed, "here's Mr. Cockburn's footman without his hat, and all his hair standing on end. He says his master's took in a fit, and Mrs. Cockburn says will you go up?"

My brother hastened out, and I was again alone. At one o'clock Mabel came in.

"They are saying in the town that Mr. Cockburn is dead!" she exclaimed. "How fearfully sudden!"

All doubt was over when Alfred returned. Mr. Cockburn had been found on the floor of his study in a fit of apoplexy. Remedies failed to arouse him, and in a short time he was quite gone.

"Oh, Hester!" murmured my brother, deeply affected, "I have envied him in life. But better toil on, as I do, than be surprised, thus suddenly, in my ease, and taken before my Maker, perhaps unprepared!"

CHAPTER III.

A feeling arose in Chelson in favor of Alfred, that he might have the vacant living, and a petition, unknown to him, was got up, praying for it. His own parishioners said they should be grieved to lose him, but would support it for his own sake. After a few days, it came to Alfred's ears. He would not allow himself to hope, or dwell upon the change of prospect, and shook his head at the bare notion of being suddenly exalted to £1400 a year. "I might grow proud," he said; I might forget to be humble; though it would be welcome for the sake of educating my children."

Not so said Mabel. She was in high spirits, and lost herself in momentary visions of having already effected the desired change. "The rectory is such a capital house, Hester! and oh, what a blessed relief it will be from our life of labor!"

It was my brother who buried Mr. Cockburn. The curate of St. Paul's was the Rev. George Dewisson, a young man very unpopular in the parish. He was a brother of that Miss Dewisson who had formerly set her cap so strenuously at

Alfred. When a suggestion was made that perhaps he, George Dewisson, might be the newly appointed rector, Chelson was up in arms. He was an austere man of uncertain temper, never cordial with anybody, and harsh to the poor, a bad reader, and it was well known he bought his sermons. St. Paul's protested it would not have him; it had quite enough of him as curate.

"Are you acquainted with the gentlemen who has the living in his gift?" I inquired of Alfred, "this Mr. Burnley."

"Mr. Burnley is only the steward," returned my brother. "The living is in the gift of the Earl of Seaford."

The Earl of Seaford! I was thunderstruck at the answer. With reference to the living, I had never heard any name mentioned but this Mr. Burnley's. Many years before I had been brought much into contact with the Seaford family.

"I had no idea the Seafords possessed property in this part of the country," I observed to Alfred, almost doubting the information.

"The earl bought it some time ago of Lord Westnor, who ruined himself, gambling, and joined his son in cutting off the entail. I should think ill luck goes with the property, for Lord Seaford, they say, will be obliged to sell it again. His sons have all turned out wild, but Lord Sale far the most so. He has drained and nearly ruined his father."

"Is the Earl of Seaford ever here?"

"He is here now; so I heard yesterday. But he chiefly lives abroad. Too poor, now, to live in England."

I am not given to wild schemes, but a wild one came into my brain then. It was to make my way to the Earl of Seaford, recall myself to his recollection, and boldly ask him to give the living to my brother.

"Well, done, Hester!" cried Alfred, the ingenuous color flushing his pale cheeks when I spoke out my thoughts: "what next presumptuous thing will you do?"

"If the worst comes to the worst, and I get a refusal, you will only be where you are now. I can urge the wishes of Chelson as a plea for my request."

The following day found me at Hawsford, the name of the earl's seat. I had engaged a fly to take me, for it was six miles off, and I went driving up—presumptuously, as Alfred would have called it—to the grand entrance. They were some time answering the man's summons, and then I heard the door unlocked and unbarred. "Curious they should lock up the house," I thought, "if the earl is here."

"I wish to see Lord Seaford," I said to the woman, who looked like a housekeeper.

"His lordship is gone, ma'am. He left late last night."

There was a nonplus! All the expense of the fly for nothing!

"But if it is any business, ma'am, his steward, Mr. Burnley, lives in the village close by. My lord leaves most things to him."

As I was there, I thought I might as well see the steward; though I could not urge the matter upon him, as I should have done on Lord Seaford. I readily found Mr. Burnley's house—the only good house in the village, so far as I saw—and was handed into his office. It was one of two rooms opening into each other, with a separate door to each, leading into the passage of the house. It was the back room that I was shown into, and Mr. Burnley, a man of gentlemanly manners, came to me from the front one, through the intervening door, which he pushed to, but did not close.

He was very polite. Regretted his inability to comply with my request, for he respected much the merits of the Reverend Mr. Halliwell. Lord Seaford had received the petition in his favor most graciously, and would have been delighted to comply with its prayer, had the living not been promised.

"Is it really promised?" I wistfully said.

"I may say it is given," replied Mr. Burnley. "The new rector will be announced to-morrow."

Of course there was no more to be urged, and I left the room. Mr. Burnley came out also, as if to attend me to the door, but a young man whom we encountered in the passage seized him by the button-hole, seemingly in a pressing hurry, and took him back into the room. So I said "Good day," and walked on alone. At that very moment the street door was pushed open, and I saw old Mr. Dewisson scraping his shoes on the scraper outside. He was seventy years of age, but as active as a boy, with a rosy, clear, complexion, and snow-white hair. He was a lawyer and electioneering agent in Chelson, and the father of the late Mr. Cockburn's curate. I did not care that he should see me, and go back and tell Chelson I had been personally petitioning for my brother—for my business there he would not fail to guess—so, in the impulse of the moment, I glided in at the open door of the front office, until he should have passed.

I heard him enter and wipe his feet on the door-mat, and then I heard the young man come out of the back office and leave the house. Mr. Burnley also came out of it and shook hands with Mr. Dewisson in the passage. "I have been expecting you this hour," he said.

"Better late than never," answered the old lawyer. "I had some business to attend to before I could get away. The earl left last night, I suppose."

"Yes. He is ploughing the waves to France by this time, if he could catch the morning's mail train to Dover. Walk in."

To my great horror—which seems as fresh upon me now as if felt then—the door I had just slipped in at was pulled sharply to, of course by Mr. Burnley, and the key turned in it. So I was locked in. What to do I did not know. I looked at the window, and had a momentary thought of getting out of that, but found I should have pitched upon some spikes. I believe I had a wild idea of trying the chimney, but if I did succeed in reaching the top and the roof, however was I to come down? So I had to stop where I was, trusting to chance, and to somebody's unturning the key, and sat shaking behind the door. As to going brazenly into the back office, and avowing myself to Mr. Burnley in the face of old Dewisson, I would rather have risked the spikes.

I did not hear what was said at first in the next room, and I tried not to hear the rest, but I could not avoid it: for the voices, lowered in the commencement to the confidential tone of state secrets, were gradually raised.

"How much do you say is to be kept back?" were the first words I distinctly heard, in Mr. Dewisson's voice.

"A thousand," answered Mr. Burnley.

"Which will leave my son four hundred a year. That's less than I suggested. There's nothing very fat about that."

"But there is about fourteen hundred. Under any circumstances but these, he might whistle for so rich a living. You know, Dewisson, that you have no interest to get him one of half the value. He might starve out his life upon a pittance, as poor Halliwell does. You are aware of the petition that came in?"

"Aware of it! Chelson's full of it. Thinks it's going to succeed. I say, Burnley, though, the earl's is not a bad life."

"He is sixty-six, and knows something of dissipation still. He may fill his years, threescore and ten; he will not go much beyond them. And then your son comes into the full income."

"And then George comes into the full income," slowly repeated Mr. Dewisson. "Well, it is a good day's work for both the earl and him: each gets his turn served. But, I say, Burnley—what will the neighborhood think of George? They'll call him a miser. Holding a living of fourteen hundred a year, and living up to four of it!"

"Oh—he gives the surplus to the poor, you know."

They both laughed, and, by the sound, seemed to be rising. I shook excessively as they came along the passage. "Burnley," cried Mr. Dewisson, in passing the door, "we must meet to celebrate this; when will you come and dine?"

I did not hear the answer; they had reached the front door then, and the sound of the voices escaped. Mr. Burnley returned, and unlocked my door as he passed, and unlatched it. I squeezed myself up to nothing, in my terror, and my heart stood still.

He did not come in: I am thankful for it yet: but went on to the back room and shut himself in. Not another moment waited I. I twisted myself into the passage, let myself noiselessly out at the front door, and rushed down the street towards the inn where the flyman was baiting his horse, as if a ghost had been after me. Mr. Dewisson and his gig were already at a distance.

Now I truly declare that this incident occurred to me, and that the conversation which I have related, I heard, word for word. But I have never opened my lips about it until now, when it can do no harm. For though the Reverend George Dewisson is still in the enjoyment of his rich living, it will never be suspected that the secret relates to *him*.

I had leisure to think it over as I drove back to Chelson, and it appeared to me that the bargain I had been a witness to was a sinful one. The public will judge of it as they please. Since then, a transaction has oozed out of precisely the same nature, though taking place in a different county, in which the patron-gainer was a bishop, but it was hushed up. It was bad enough for an earl, but I don't know how one, promoted to lawn sleeves and an apron, could reconcile it to his spiritual conscience.

When the fly stopped at my brother's door, Mrs. Halliwell's face, full of joyous hope, appeared above the window-blind, and the children came dancing out. Alfred looked up from his warm arm-chair when I went in. "Hester!" cried Mabel, in her hasty way, "you don't speak."

"Perhaps I had best not speak: for I have only bad news to give you."

"Let us know the worst at once," she cried. "We must know it shortly, any way."

"The earl has quitted Hawsford. He left last night for France, and the living is given away."

"Given!"

"Yes. I saw the steward."

"To whom?" asked Alfred.

"He did not say," was my answer. For not even to my brother would I breathe a hint of the dishonorable secret I had (so to say) dishonorably heard. "But not to you."

Mabel sank down on a chair, poor thing, and despair, if ever I saw it, settled itself on her face. She had buoyed up her hopes unreasonably high. "Toil! and trouble! and illness! and heartburning! and care!" she murmured. "Must it so go on with us for ever?"

Alfred's countenance had fallen, and a red spot, the symbol of raised expectancy, shone on his cheek, proving that he *had* hoped for success. For one moment he bowed his head on his hands; the next, he rose and approached his wife to speak, his voice calm as usual, and his face pale again.

"It is the will of God, Mabel, that we should still bear our cross. Let us welcome it."

"If such a meek-spirited man is not enough to try the patience of Job!" impetuously responded Mrs. Halliwell.

☞ "What time is it, Tom?" "Just time to pay that little account you owe me." "Oh, indeed! Well, I didn't think it was half so late."

☞ "Thou rain'st in this bosom," as the chap said, when a basin of water was thrown over him by the lady he was serenading.

☞ DIED.—On the 3rd inst., Mr. W. P. Hale's left whisker, to a deep black. It has left behind it a red whisker, inconsolable for its loss.

☞ A stupid fellow being seen one day in a singular attitude, stooping down, with his head between his legs, was asked the reason; to which he replied that he wished to see how the pain at the back of his head looked.

☞ So frequent have been the cases lately of the trustees of savings banks absconding with the deposits, that it has been thought advisable to alter the name of the establishments in question, and instead of considering them as *banks*, call them *cuttings*.

☞ It is beautiful to behold at a wedding, the sorrow-stricken air of the parent as he "gives the bride away," when you know that for the last ten years he has been trying his best to get her off his hands.

☞ Divine light is not as the light of the moon, to sleep by; but as the light of the sun, to work by.

☞ Say what you will, a marriage by advertisement must, after all, be the union of two corresponding minds.—*Punch.*

☞ In youth the appetite for fame is strongest. It is cruel and inhuman to withhold the sustenance which is necessary to the growth, if not the existence of genius; sympathy, encouragement, commendation.

☞ An enthusiastic admirer of the Czar was repeatedly saying to a stranger "the Czar is great." "Yes," was the reply, "but God is greater." "Ah," exclaimed the Russian, "but the Czar is young yet!"

☞ The name of the writer of that remarkable story in the London Times about the duel on a Georgia Railroad is Arrowsmith. We presume that his ancestors were fabricators of Arrows for the Long Bow. They are not disgraced in their son—who not only makes good arrows of this sort, but shoots them himself.—*New York Picayune.*

☞ A man on the horse railroad, the other day, who was going on very fast, asked us if we could tell him why Cowper was so hard up in pecuniary matters. We assured him that we did not know that he was thus short, and asked him to explain. "Why," said he, "didn't he 'Oh for a lodge?'" There was a ring of the bell, a stopping of the cars, a frantic shriek, and a passenger a moment afterwards disappearing down a distant alley.

☞ To square a circle—settle up your wife's bill for *hoops* at the dry goods store or milliner's.

☞ Mrs. Opie said, talking of Byron—"His voice was such a voice as the devil tempted Eve with; you feared its fascinations the moment you heard it."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1856.

All the Contents of the Post are Set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the Post are $2 a year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5, IN ADVANCE, nine copies are sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent to the city to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

Four Copies, ... $3,00 a year.
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Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will cheerfully supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

THE COMING YEAR.

For the information of strangers who may chance to see this number of the POST, we may state that arrangements have been made with the following distinguished writers for contributions during the coming year (1857):—

WILLIAM HOWITT, (OF ENGLAND,) ALICE CARY, T. S. ARTHUR, MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, MRS. M. A. DENISON, The Author of "AN EXTRA-JUDICIAL STATEMENT," The Author of "ZILLAH, THE CHILD MEDIUM," &c., &c.

We design commencing, in the first number of January next, the following Original Novelet:—

TALLENGETTA;

OR,

THE SQUATTER'S HOME.

By WILLIAM HOWITT, Author of "Rural Life in England," "Homes of the Poets," &c.

This is a story of Australian Life, Mr. Howitt having visited Australia expressly with the object of acquainting himself with the novel and romantic objects under which Nature and Society present themselves in that singular region.

The following Novelets will then be given, though probably not in the exact order here mentioned:—

THE STORY OF A COUNTRY GIRL.

By ALICE CARY. An Original Novelet, written expressly for the Post.

THE WITHERED HEART.

An Original Novelet, written expressly for the Post, by T. S. ARTHUR.

LIGHTHOUSE ISLAND.

An Original Novelet, by the author of "My Confession," "Zillah; The Child Medium," &c.

THE QUAKER'S PROTEGE,

An Original Novelet, written for the Post by MRS. MARY A. DENISON, author of "Mark, the Sexton," "Home Pictures," &c.

THE RAID OF BURGUNDY.

A TALE OF THE SWISS CANTONS.

By AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, author of "The Lost of the Wilderness," &c., &c.

We have also the promise of a SHORT AND CONDENSED

NOVELET BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

to run through about six or eight numbers of the Post.

In addition to the above list of contributions, we design continuing the usual amount of FOREIGN LETTERS, ORIGINAL SKETCHES, CHOICE SELECTIONS from all sources, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, GENERAL NEWS, HUMOROUS ANECDOTES, ENGRAVINGS, View of the PRODUCE AND STOCK MARKETS, THE PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKET, BANK NOTE LIST, &c. For terms, see the head of this column.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

It would appear that the book publishers of New York have changed their views relative to the expediency of establishing an International Copyright Law between the United States and Great Britain, as we perceive that at a recent meeting of their Association, a resolution was adopted declaring the passage of such a law highly desirable. An International Copyright has long been a favorite measure of the authors both of England and this country, but the publishers heretofore have uniformly thrown their influence against it, and thus prevented its consummation. We know not exactly what reasons have produced this change of opinion in the New York branch of the book trade, but we are inclined to give the credit to the two following: First, the fact that the competition among our publishers already leads them to purchase the advance sheets of the most important English works, which amounts almost to the same thing as purchasing the copyright, while the privilege obtained for the exclusive sale of the work, extends only so far as the sense of justice and fear of reprisals among the trade may determine. And secondly, that the prices at which those English works for whose advanced sheets no arrangement is made, are published, rather interfere with the higher prices at which the copyrighted works of our own authors necessarily are sold. Whether these be the main reasons or not, if the interests of the publishers as well as of the authors be regarded as alike promoted by an International Copyright Law or Treaty between the two countries, the chances for the passage of such a measure are wonderfully increased.

As to the merits of the question itself, we have a few words to say. We consider it one of expediency alone, and mainly to be determined upon two considerations. It is asserted that the passage of such a law would considerably increase the price of a large proportion of the works of English authors in this country, and of American authors in Great Britain. As a consequence of this, there would be fewer American books sold in England, and fewer English books sold in America—the native authors in each nation gaining a portion, though not the full amount of the decrease in the sale of the foreign work; for many would give the preference to their own countrymen at the same price, but the higher price of the book would be apt to lessen the amount of sales.

If this be the case, and to the extent supposed, the partial exclusion of English works from our market, and of American works from the British market, might operate perhaps favorably on the people of both countries, although we doubt it.—Patriotic gentlemen may say that we would gain by limiting the circulation of English principles and views of life in America; but would England gain by the corresponding limitation of the circulation of American works among the British public? For the shield, it will be noticed, has a leaden as well as golden side.

As to the moral and property view, so strongly insisted on by some authors, we have never been able to see its force. Property in ideas can never be put on the same low, legal level as property in material things. It is doubtful whether an inventor, for instance, has a moral right *not* to promulge his invention, but to let it die with him, even if the world will not pay him what he thinks it is worth. As to religious ideas, we all know what kind of morality that is which would close a man's lips against the promulgation of truths which he deemed essential to the highest welfare of his fellow men, unless he could peddle them out at so much a line. And yet we would not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn either—for in order that a man should have the strength to utter these important ideas, he must eat.

Many book writers would persuade us that they are only second to Seers and Prophets—some profess to consider themselves quite Seers and Prophets—but this claim hardly consists with the view propounded by them that they have a property right in their divine afflatus, like that which the farmer has in his wheat.

We regard the right of an author to his ideas—when he has not stolen it, or, having stolen, has used it in new connections, or perhaps even improved it—to be similar to that of the Inventor to his. Not because the latter has the same kind of property-right in his idea, as the farmer has in his wheat, but because it is only fair that they who confer great benefits upon their fellow men should be duly rewarded—and because such rewards tend to stimulate new inventions—is a Patent Right granted to him; not forever, as is the right of property in material things, but for such a period as it is believed will insure him an adequate and fair reward.

On the same principle, and for the same reason, is a copy-right—limited also as to time—granted to authors.

As to the proposed *International* copyright therefore, the property view of the question so didactically dwelt upon by English and American authors, amounts in our view to nothing. If, however, it can be proven that their rewards in their respective countries are not such as they are fairly entitled to in compensation for the benefits conferred by them upon mankind, that is another question, and one which the legislators of both nations would be justified in taking into consideration.

We suppose it is hardly probable that the sale of English books in England is much interfered with by the sale of American productions; if however the home sale of the works of American authors of merit really be interfered with by English productions, so that our authors cannot obtain sufficient compensation for their labors, this would seem one good reason for the passage of the measure in question. Is it so? Do American works of sufficient merit go without buyers on account of the English competition?

If it should be found—we do not say that such will be the case—that the authors of both countries are sufficiently remunerated, then the effect of the proposed measure upon the diffusion of intelligence among the people, should be carefully investigated. Our own opinion is, that in this respect an International Copyright would make but little difference. We doubt whether it would cause a perceptible increase in the prices of those books whose diffusion is important to the community; while so much knowledge is now conveyed, "dirt cheap," as the farmers say, in newspapers and magazines, that we do not consider a small rise in the price of bound volumes a matter of much consequence.

Finally, as our readers by this time may have surmised, we do not consider the proposed measure likely to result in very momentous consequences, however it may be decided. It may help our author friends a little, and we do not see how it can hurt either the book publishers or book readers very much. And, therefore,—having a natural sympathy with the author-class, being on friendly terms with so many of them—we rather incline to favor a measure which they so universally and earnestly advocate.

HOW OUR FRIENDS MAY ASSIST US.—We take it for granted that we have a large number among our subscribers, who are willing this winter to take a little trouble on account of the POST. To all who are so disposed we may say, that the best mode is to go around *at once* among their friends and neighbors, and see if they cannot get us some new subscribers—either at the regular two-dollar rate, or in a club. Of course we *prefer* the former, but the clubs are very welcome.

At places where we have clubs, some little effort on the part of the members might enable them to send much larger ones for the ensuing year.

Judging from our own feelings, a great many persons who have been taking and reading the political papers, now wish a change—and want to ignore politics for a year or two, save so far as to keep up with the current *news* of the day. To such persons the POST will be acceptable, if it is brought to their knowledge. Shall it not be so brought? Certainly, considering the exceeding large size of the POST, the high literary character of its Contributors, and the cheapness of its price, there ought to be no difficulty in obtaining new subscribers for it.

HOW BEANS CLIMB.—The *Scientific American* says:—

A correspondent, "M. S.," of Brooklyn, inquires of us if we can tell "why lima bean vines always turn round their poles in one direction?" If our correspondent means their *spiral* direction round the pole, we answer, "how is it possible for them to turn in any other direction?" If he means a direction from East to West, or West to East, we answer, *they cannot have any such a direction, when their path up the pole is a spiral.*

Our *Scientific* friends seem to have nodded for once—it is evident that the spiral may run either from right to left, or from left to right. Think again, gentlemen.

THE REPORT OF THE COMMISSIONER OF PATENTS ON AGRICULTURE, which we noticed editorially a couple of weeks ago, is now issued from the press. We may extract some portions of it from to time for the benefit of our readers. Meanwhile we advise our farmer friends to obtain it, if possible; they will find it both pleasant and profitable reading.

THE POETICAL ASPECT OF WAR.

Squire Satan, as Goethe terms him in *Faust*, has an infinite number and variety of devices wherewith to render attractive to unanointed eyes, the demoniac implements and institutions he employs on "his snug little farm of this world," as Southey has named it. His ugliest abominations are commonly masked and cloaked in beauty. Sins win upon us in disguise. Vice is, no doubt, as the poet says it is, a monster of such hideous aspect, that to hate it we need but see it; but how hard it is to see it! How difficult to behold it in essence—separated from those elements or semblances of virtue which it so frequently attaches to itself, and which so frequently delude the mind and soul! 'Tis the Devil's trick, in which he excels, to so mix his evil with good that it seems good. The bitter pill, he sugars; else who would take it? Few men ever love or practice vice for its own sake. The natural allegiance of human nature is to the True, the Beautiful, the Good. No falsehood, ugliness, or wrong was ever alluring that had not some aspect or tincture of its opposites. It is not evil that is attractive; it is the good in evil. It is not the trap that invites; it is the bait. Yet, men are not always befooled. Some sin, for the sin's sake. But this is mental disease, and is rare. Commonly, all that is bad, seen in its own proper aspect, is repellant. A large proportion of the wrong-thinking and wrong-doing in the civilized world, results from lack of knowledge, more than lack of goodness. Men fail to discriminate, and are not generally given to analysis. They see what *seems*, oftener than they see what *is*. They are the fools of their senses. They are tricked by appearance. Three-fourths—perhaps more—of the bad practices this world clings to, are clung to through misapprehension of their real character. We delude ourselves monstrously—incredibly; and our delusion is contagious to others. How prone we are to pronounce a good thing entirely bad, because it has some prominent bad feature which we observe, and which poisons our sight for all the rest; or to accept some bad thing as altogether good, because some trait of good is boldly apparent in it! Many a good plan, invention, or system has been utterly scouted, and its animating idea or principle denied a footing for centuries, solely on account of some fault or flaw, which was yet not at all an integral part thereof. And, on the other hand, some of the worst institutions, customs, or habits in the world have maintained their standing and respectability for centuries, solely because they have had some excellent features, or some agreeable mist of delusion to veil them. If humanity would only be persuaded to prove all things, and hold fast only to that which is good in all things, instead of blindly accepting a thing with all its bad and good because of its good, or as blindly rejecting a thing with all its good and bad because the bad is descried!

These thoughts naturally pass through the mind in thinking of the poetical aspect which war has so long contrived to wear in the eyes of even thoughtful people. It is a sequent subject, now that Christmas draws near, and the star of its ancient promise of peace on earth and good will to men, shining again in the evening of another year, reminds us sadly that the promise is yet unfulfilled, and bids us remember, while the Persian, mad for rapine, howls at the gates of Affghan cities, and the States of Christendom bicker and contend, and threaten battle with each other, that the earth is still reddened and saddened with wars and the woes of wars. Yet we live in an age the spirit and the arrangements of whose society would seem to favor peace. On all considerations of reason, religion, human prosperity, national thrift—peace is certainly the eternal interest of mankind, and one may well wonder that such quarrels as nations will have with each other, are not referred, if only on the lowest and most selfish grounds, to arbitrament. The age, too, remembers, perhaps more strongly than ever before, the sacred story of that prophecy of peace—the burden of the strange, sweet songs of the angels that floated through the blue night-silence of the Syrian plains, eighteen centuries ago. That promise of surcease from turbulence and strife, clings like music to the memory of the world, and the hearts of men are haunted with immemorial yearnings for the Golden Age. A treaty of eternal amity and concord between the nations is felt to be the needful prelude, the imperative condition for any hopeful, noble human labor for a broad human happiness. Yet we still have war.

Still, too, war has its advocates, who jangle talk of its necessity and glory with admissions of its absurdity and impiety. In the very face, too, of all reason and morals, and all else, peace is berated and abused. Tennyson, in his last fine poem, "Maud," throws the great influence he has on the imaginative mind of his generation—absurdly throws it into the wrong scale. He speaks of "the long, long canker of peace," and accuses it, with singular unreason, as the cause of all the evils, and shames, and crimes that infest society; as if these were in any way the logical results of refraining from bloodshed! On the other hand, we have eminent and able men, who do not, it is true, accuse and denounce peace, but who yet glorify war. In the songs of poets, on the pictorial pages of historians, in the eloquence of statesmen, the pageantry of battle glows and glitters, and the hearts of youth and age, untaught by actual experience, are engaged and won by these plausible and lovely sophistries. But when we come to analyse all that makes the work of carnage seem glorious and noble, we still find that sugaring of the evil with good—that baiting of a bad trap with a good morsel—which is always so effectual, and which is invariably the fiend's method.

There is a deep saying, attributed, we know not with what correctness, to Napoleon:—"The people are led by their imagination." It is true. The majority of the world can be secured by a dexterous appeal to its ideality. It is the poetical aspect which war has been able to assume that has enabled it to keep footing so long in the world. We do not mean to say that its poetical aspect is the only cause for its continuance; yet, without this potent delusion of appearance, would it not be considered a crime, and cause to be resorted to as a mode of obtaining any end? Take away from it its heroic and gallant character—make it simply enormous manslaughter, brutal, ghastly, infernal, as it is—and none but hardened villains or mere savages would wish to practice it. Seen in its own essential nature, it would shock the moral sense of mankind, and men would shrink from it as from the commission of any recognized atrocity. But it has attached to itself certain poetical attributes that appeal to the imaginative sense; and men will not join in a crusade against what fascinates their fancy. The world looks at it at present through an atmosphere of illusion, and while this envelopes it, 'tis secure. Yet, if one carefully examines, he finds that there is in reality nothing *essentially* poetical about war—that its poetical aspect is a clever assumption of what does not really belong to it—that all that makes it in any way pleasing or alluring to the mind, really and strictly belongs to peace. A writer in a recent number of Putnam's Magazine has an article on "The Poetry of War"—that is the verse that poets have written on the themes of battle. It is noticeable that, although a defender of the beauty and glory of military conflict, he does not, and cannot, cite a single war-poem, in which the interest and pleasure excited, is not distinctly referable, if not to the mere verbal melody and rhythmical harmony of the verse, to our natural sympathy with sounds, sights, movements, pictorial effects, emotions, excitements which, though often appertaining to armed and hostile contests, yet do not necessarily belong thereto, but are as well and as often heard, seen and felt in the events of peaceful life. The fact is that war in itself, *has* no poetry. It borrows its poetry from peace. What is there beautiful in simple carnage? What is there poetical in boring hearts, or splitting skulls, or dashing out brains and blood with bullets and sabre strokes, or tearing out the reeking bowels of men with chain-shot? What is there poetical in the swamp of blood, the ghastly litter of gashed and livid bodies, the brazen yells and shrieks of the squadrons, the agonizing groans of the dying, the loathsome and violent crush of struggling men and horses, the contorted, horrid, demoniac visages of the infuriated combatants, the acrid, choking stench of the powder clouds, the gushes of fire, the deafening, stupefying, tremendous roar and din of the battle field? Yet these and such as these are strictly speaking the only essential features of war. They attract nobody; they are simply horrible, demoniac, disgusting. The attractive features are the courage, the heroism, the devotion, the fidelity, the thousand noble human qualities called forth in a struggling and perilous hour; they are all additional; they are called forth as well in hours of peaceful excitement or enthusiasm—in epochs of natural national suffering or danger, in bloodless enterprises, in crises of human want or need, in the contests of ideas, in a thousand unwarlike events, and belong essentially to the active, emulative, sympathetic life of peace. War poets that only paint the truth of appearance, when they would throw a color of beauty on the detestable pageant of the battle, bring into prominence the forest of bayonets gleaming gloriously in the sun, the leagues of dancing plumes, the lustrous and splendid ranks drifting to the onset with a pomp of steel and standards. They tell us of the melodious clang of the arms; the blood-stirring peals of the trumpets; the euphony of the regular tramp of battalions; the magnificent rush of the squadrons, martial and adorned; the enthusiastic cheers of the advancing lines. They make us feel the rapture that the spectacle of mere fine physical motion inspires; the enthusiasm that belongs to any cause held in common; the sense that martial music can always arouse; the feelings awaked in us by all sonorous and melodious sounds, all bright and harmonious movements, all things to which our senses and sympathies respond. Not one of these things belongs peculiarly and solely to war! Not one of them but is borrowed from peace to shed a factitious glow on the ugliness and horror of carnage. Any, or all, of them are part and parcel of every adorned procession that moves with music and banners through the city streets, every mass of shapely men marching in regular time, every assemblage roused to enthusiasm and cheering a popular orator, every gala show or public ovation. And this is the way the world is fooled! So unfrequent a virtue is discrimination! Do mice think the trap loathsome because it is baited with toasted cheese? Yet we, forsooth, account war beautiful and glorious—declare it poetical—why? because its terrific and loathsome and abominable features wear ornaments and accessories borrowed from the life of peace! Take away the uniforms and trappings of the soldiery; take away the flags, the music, the trumpets, the burnished arms; let the combatants go to their work of butchery in disorder, without system, without science, without ornament, simply as a mob of butchers, with but one purpose in their aspect—that purpose to kill—and carnage would be seen at once to be the mere brutal and ghastly savagery that it is. Strip away its borrowed delusion of appearance—give it an aspect that would express it fairly—cease to distract human observation from what it is to what it seems to be—show it as it is in essence and in fact—and it drops from human history forever.

Here is labor for skillful and humane men;—to analyze the elements of the popular idolatry for battle, and show men that they are mistaken;—that it is not war that is beautiful or glorious, but peace; that it is not war that enchants their imaginations, but those aspects which it borrows, and which would not cease from earth, though a thousand bright and bloodless years succeeded. In the spread of an intelligent sentiment against war—a sentiment based on the accurate perception of what it really is in opposition to what it merely seems—lies a natural and reasonable hope for a better and a broader civilization than the world has yet seen. Every man does his part towards it that throws his influence, whatever that may be, into the scale against battle, and shapes his private and his public life in symmetry with the noble augury of the Christmas star.

RANDOLPH AND WEBSTER.—The following rather spicy letter from Daniel Webster to John Randolph, has been brought to light by the recent publication of Mr. Webster's private correspondence:—

WASHINGTON, April, 1816.

SIR:—For having declined to comply with your demand yesterday, in the House, for an explanation of words of a general nature, used in debate, you now "demand of me that satisfaction which your insulted feelings require," and refer me to your friend, Mr. ———. I presume, as he is the bearer of your note, for such arrangements as are usual.

This demand for explanation you, in my judgment, as a matter of right, were not entitled to make on me; nor were the temper and style of your own reply to my objection to the sugar tax of a character to induce me to accord it as a matter of courtesy.

Neither can I, under the circumstances of the case, recognize in you a right to call me to the field to answer what you may please to consider an insult to your feelings.

It is unnecessary for me to state other and obvious considerations growing out of this case. It is enough that I do not feel myself bound, at all times and under any circumstances, to accept from any man, who shall choose to risk his own life, an invitation of this sort; although I shall be always prepared to reject, in a suitable manner, the aggression of any man who may presume upon such a refusal.

Your obedient servant,
DANIEL WEBSTER.

It will be noticed that Mr. Webster did not take ground in the above against dueling as a practice, but confined himself to the specific challenge before him. He doubtless, however, would have refused a challenge, "at all times and under any circumstances."

THE TABLES accompanying the Treasury Report state the entire number of American seamen registered in the ports of entry for the year ending Sept. 30th, 1856, to be 8,116. Of these, 257 were naturalized; the remainder were native.

AGE OF HORSES.

We see mention made of a horse, the property of John Finlay, Esq., of Dedaston House in Scotland, which died lately at the advanced age of thirty six years, although it may be said to have been worked almost every day during the last thirty-three years—Sundays excepted—and was unharnessed only two hours before it died. The *Ohio Cultivator* says:—

Nearly twenty years ago in connection with a gentleman in Ashtabula Co., we purchased an Indian pony mare, then known to be over twenty years old, but lively as a cricket, under saddle or in harness. She bore us many a mile through the woods of that then aboriginal region, leaping fallen trees and fences like a deer. Last spring she died, having been in active service over forty years.

Many horses, we judge, do not live twelve years, and probably the majority die before twenty—but doubtless this is owing to severe usage, especially when they are young. A horse ought to be very carefully handled until eight years of age; and then good treatment, with sufficient, but not more than sufficient food—including a *moderate* allowance of grain—may insure life to between twenty and thirty. We doubt that many horses live over thirty—but upon this point would like to have the evidence of our readers. How many of them know of horses over thirty years of age?

WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.—A subscriber in Trinity, Louisiana, writes as follows:—

I see in your issue of the 15th ult., a very valuable table of weights and measures, which is, I think, quite an acquisition to any farmer or business man. But in the portion of the table where you give the barrel measure, you state that in New Orleans "a barrel of corn is a flour barrel full of ears." Now this I know is an unintentional error. Corn in New Orleans is sold by weight, 56 lbs. to the bushel, as everywhere else, I believe. But in the interior of this State, and I think Mississippi, Texas and Alabama, the "flour barrel full of ears" is used to designate a bushel, to wit: The corn must be "*slip shucked*," and the barrel twice shaken during the process of filling, when it is always customary to say it is a bushel; but it is indefinite, for much depends on the size, quality, &c.

New Publications.

SUSQUEHANNA; or, A History of the West Branch Valley of the Susquehanna. By J. F. MEGINNESS. Published and for sale by Henry B. Ashmead, Philadelphia.

Local histories, whenever executed with conscientious accuracy and fidelity, are exceedingly valuable; and this work seems to be one of the best of them. It is, as it purports to be, a history of the valley of the Otsinachson, or Susquehanna River, embracing a minute account of its settlement, of its Indian wars, the trials and privations endured by its early pioneers, the incursions, abductions, massacres, etc., practiced on them, with biographical sketches of the leading settlers and families, and a mass of graphic and amusing anecdotes and valuable statistics relating to the land subject. It contains a great deal of information in reference to land titles, boundaries of treaties, and similar matters, and is evidently a work of laborious research, and prepared with extreme care. Nothing that relates to the region of which it treats, appears to be omitted. The style is concise and severely simple, as befits a historical work, and the great interest the work has even for a person foreign to Pennsylvania, arises from the character of its matter, though something is due to the unostentatious and skillful presentation thereof. We commend it to the public as a work at once entertaining and reliable.

THE HISTORY AND RECORDS OF THE ELEPHANT CLUB; Compiled from Authentic Documents now in Possession of the Zoological Society. By KNICKY KNOX OCKSTON, M. D., and Q. K. PHILANDER DOESTICKS, P. B. Livermore & Redd, New York. For sale by Parry & McMillan, Phila.

An extravaganza, amusing in despite of the slang and vulgarity which the writer known as Doesticks seems to have been destined to popularize. The book is devoted to an exposition of the way certain young men see that kind of experience jocosely known as "The Elephant," and shows off, in an odd and rowdyish manner, the various phases of "fast" life in New York.—The future antiquary, exhuming the manners and habits of the ruffians and Alsatians of the cities of this age, will find one of the choicest depositories thereof in the works of Mr. Doesticks. Its use they may have; we know of none other. Their humor is simply buffoonery. Yet they show their author to have talent, though misdirected and ill employed.

ELEMENTS OF ORGANIC CHEMISTRY. By WILLIAM GREGORY, M. D., F. R. S. E., Professor of Chemistry in the University of Edinburg, and author of "Handbook of Inorganic Chemistry." Fourth American from the Fourth London Edition. Edited by J. MARTON SANDERS, M. D., L. L. D., Professor of Chemistry in the Eclectic Medical Institute of Cincinnati, etc. Published by A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. For sale by H. Cowperthwait & Co., Phila.

The title of this work sufficiently indicates its aim. Professor Gregory's high reputation as a skillful chemist, and the merit of his former handbook being remembered. The present volume is devoted to a categorical and scientific arrangement of the products and theories of Organic Chemistry. Its philosophy inclines to the Radical Theory of organic combinations, defended by Liebig and Berzelius, as distinguished from the Nucleus Theory of Dumas and Boullay.

JONES'S COURTSHIP AND TRAVELS. Published for sale by T. B. Peterson Philadelphia.

A humorous work, in the Sam Slick style, the first part being devoted to the courtship of the hero, a Georgia Jonathan, and the second part to the account of his experiences in a journey from his native State to Canada and back. Of course the production is a caricature of the broadest kind; but written with some smartness, and containing a good deal of fun, very much heightened and emphasized by a number of illustrations from the graphic pencil of Darley, with which the book is embellished.

LITTLE DORRIT. By CHARLES DICKENS. Published and for sale by T. B. Peterson, Phila.

The first volume of Dickens's new work, now publishing in monthly numbers, has been issued by Mr. T. B. Peterson in very handsome style, with the engravings. The volume is uniform with Mr. Peterson's edition of the works of the great novelist, of which we have before spoken. Of the literary merits of "Little Dorrit" itself, we may, perhaps, speak ten months hence, when the work is completed, and the other volume is published.

☞ "My dear Amelia," said a dandy, "I have long wished for this opportunity, but hardly dare speak now, for fear you will reject me; but I love you say you will be mine! Your smiles would——" and then he came to a pause; "your eyes would shed——" and then he paused again. "Never mind the wood-shed," says Amelia, "go on with the pretty talk."

☞ An exchange has discovered that Schottische is a corruption of the words "Scotch" and that the famous dance owes its name to a resemblance of its motions to those of a person afflicted with the Scotch plague aforesaid. It is awful.

Paris Letter.

PAST AND PRESENT—SIGNS OF THE TIMES—A FIRESIDE STORY.

PARIS, Nov. 13, 1856.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The "frantic haste to be rich," the passion for luxury and glitter, and the reckless speculation of the present day, which lead to so many crimes and so many disasters, were the themes of conversation among a party of friends with whom I happened yesterday to be passing the evening.—Among many anecdotes, and a few longer histories, prompted by the turn the conversation had taken, was the following narrative, which I have written down for the benefit of your readers, as recounted by an elderly gentleman, who vouches for its truth, and who related it to show that unscrupulous as is the race after riches in our day, the passion for splendor was as active and as mischievous a century ago, as at present.

At that period, a banker of the faubourg Saint-Honore passed for a rich man, and was the object of many skillful attempts on the part of the managing mothers of unmarried daughters. But hitherto Monsier Gorgeon had escaped the nets so carefully spread for himself and his fortune.

Gifted with great natural shrewdness, and determined to succeed in his devotion to the fickle goddess, he had contrived to obtain an entrance into the Hotel des Fermes, where he had risen from post to post until he became head clerk of that important establishment. This point reached, young Gorgeon had no difficulty in obtaining funds with which to speculate, a certain proportion of the profits thus realized being allotted to the capital confided to him, and the remainder being his own. He thus accumulated, in course of time, sufficient funds to enable him to become a banker on his own account.

But Gorgeon had too much stuff in him to care for money merely for money's sake. He panted to be rich, but to be rich for the sake of cutting a splendid figure in the world, and surrounding himself with luxury and the means of enjoyment, while satisfying his vanity through the magnificence of his establishment and the extent of his connexions. As the surest method of realizing these projects, he had married a young orphan, Mlle Diane S———, ward of a crony of his, famous for her beauty and her grace, and possessing all the accomplishments most proper to enable her to do the honors of a luxurious and fashionable home. The gay world of Paris, which talked much of the passion of the rich banker for his young wife, had still more to say of the lavish expenses which marked his entrance on the housekeeping career. For Monsieur Gorgeon had a gorgeous hotel, a host of servants in and out of livery, and gave such a grand succession of balls, dinners and suppers, that he quite dazzled the eyes of all beholders.

Every day, too, Madame Gorgeon, superbly dressed, drove out in an elegant open carriage, drawn by horses of the utmost beauty, and the promenaders of Cours Laroine and the Champs Elysees would look at her inquisitively through their eye-glasses, and ask one another, "Who is that young Duchess driving by in such splendid style?"

When Monsieur Gorgeon had begun his new life, he had a capital of four hundred thousand francs, his own unencumbered property; a nice little capital for an enterprising speculator to work with, but quite insufficient to defray the lordly mode of living he had adopted on his marriage. Eighteen months of constant dissipation served, in fact, to bring him to a pass where he found it necessary to look his affairs carefully in the face.

The result of this examination was the disagreeable conviction that his capital had entirely disappeared.

"Diane is sadly extravagant," thought the banker, "but she is so pretty."

He had now nothing left but his credit, and he felt that he could not go on forever upon *that*. Still, being fertile in resources, and holding large amounts for others, he was able to continue the splendors of his existence for a few weeks longer, during which time he laid his plans for the future.

A few days before the close of the term, M. Gorgeon contrived to be alone in his offices. He had got rid of his clerks and servants on various pretexts; his wife, suspecting nothing, was at the opera. Having possessed himself of the cash remaining in his strong box, and of the bills which he could easily convert into money, he went down stairs to the empty lodge of the porter, whom he had also sent on an errand. The *hotel* of the great banker was empty of all human beings except its master.

A peculiar rap was presently heard at the gate. M. Gorgeon hastened to open to the new comer, and a laboring man, with blackened face, entered the court, bearing a long box on his shoulders.

"Have you succeeded?" asked the banker, in a low voice, when the door had swung to on its well-oiled hinges.

"Just the thing," answered the other, shifting the box off his shoulders, and setting it on the ground. "Your height, your hair, your size; you'd hardly know it from yourself, if you see it in a glass alongside of you!" he continued, with a coarse chuckle, as he turned a screw in the lid of the box, and opening it, displayed to the anxious gaze of the banker the corpse of a man answering, in all points, to the description given of it by its bearer.

"Buried to-day," pursued the latter, who was no other than one of the grave-diggers of Pere La Chaise, "took him up to-night. And here we be!"

So saying, he lifted the corpse from the box, and deposited it on the ground.

"Very good," returned the banker, "here are a thousand francs for your trouble; and here are another thousand to help you keep quiet about your errand."

The grave-digger bowed low on receipt of the banker's largess; and M. Gorgeon, having extinguished the lamp, cautiously opened the door, just wide enough to allow of the grave-digger making his exit with the empty box; and when the man was fairly in the street again, he closed it with equal caution, lifted the lamp, and taking the corpse on his shoulders, carried it up to his own bed-room, and laid it on the bed. He then arrayed it in one of his shirts, and his own dressing gown, and taking a pistol, which he had previously loaded, he discharged its contents through the head of the unconscious object, which was to represent himself, taking care to place the weapon in the hand of the corpse, to indicate that he, the deceased Gorgeon, had perished by his own hand. These arrangements hastily concluded, the banker took his valise, descended the stair, and left the hotel.

When, towards midnight, Madame Gorgeon, the servants, and the clerks, returned to the house, great was their horror on discovering that the banker had come to so untimely an end.

Madame Gorgeon fainted away, and the servants, meantime, sent for the police and for a surgeon. The corpse was so horribly disfigured as to be no longer recognizable; but there could be no doubt of its being dead, and accordingly it was buried, next day, privately, and without any religious rites, as is customary in cases of self-destruction.

The state in which the affairs of the deceased were found, when gone into by the creditors, was considered as affording a sufficient explanation of the fatal deed which had so suddenly terminated his career.

The widow was not very deeply attached to her defunct partner; but he had surrounded her with luxury and state; and if her grief was not very intense, she was nevertheless much affected by his untimely end, and also by the downfall of the mushroom prosperity she had shared with him.

M. Gorgeon had taken care to settle a handsome jointure upon her at the time of his marriage; and the widow looked so pretty in her weeds, that before long a numerous circle of adorers was at her feet.

One of these, Captain Belorgey, won the widow's preference. He would fain have married her at once, but the widow was inexorable, "My poor Gorgeon, whatever may have been his faults or his misfortunes, was always kind and devoted to me," she would answer, when pressed by the enamored captain to name the happy day, "I cannot consent to abridge the year of mourning, which would seem like a want of respect to his memory. You must wait until the remaining six months of my widowhood have duly expired."

During this delay, Madame Gorgeon received a letter, in a handwriting so exactly resembling that of her lost husband, that she was quite nervous at sight of it. The letter cotained only these words:

"Diane—do not trust too much to appearances. Those who seem to be dead, are often still alive. You will shortly receive more definite information."

"I never possessed any talent for guessing at riddles," said the widow, to herself, as she threw this epistle into the fire; "but it is evident that somebody has meant to play off a trick upon me!"

Nothing further happened to disturb the tranquillity of the captain's intended during the remainder of her twelvemonth's widowhood. Her numerous adorers, learning her acceptance of the gallant captain, gradually dropped off, and carried their homage elsewhere. The bouquets which still continued to reach her, were made over, unnoticed, to her chamber-maid, and the love-letters which the most persevering of her admirers still ventured to send to her, in the forlorn hope of inducing her to reconsider their claims, were pitilessly consigned, unread, to the flames.

But one morning, when throwing into the fire a number of these scented and delicately-colored billets, the pretty widow was again startled almost out of her wits, by the sight of the same mysterious writing.

"Who can it be, that takes such pleasure in tormenting me!" murmured the widow, as she looked at the address; and who can it be that imitates poor Gorgeon's handwriting with such diabolical skill!" she added, as she opened the mysterious epistle, and read as follows:

"The dead come sometimes to life. The dead man of the Faubourg Saint Honore will come back sooner than you imagine. May his return not be too soon for the wishes of her whom he has left behind him."

This time Diane, who was in the midst of the preparations for her second marriage, was seriously alarmed. Not that she imagined for a moment that her deceased husband was about to reappear, but because it seemed to her that some malicious enemy was bent upon tormenting and mystifying her.

So much was she annoyed at the incident, that she at once confided her uneasiness to the captain. The latter thought the thing odd, but looked upon it as a very stupid joke, and soon succeeded, by his assurances and assiduities, in banishing the remembrance of these mysterious letters from the mind of his lady-love. The marriage took place at the end of the year; and Diane, rich, honored, and happy, had quite forgotten the incident which had so much disturbed her.

Ten years had passed, the captain was still the most devoted of husbands, and Madame Belorgy was cited everywhere as the most charming and most affectionate of wives.

One day, when the lady was alone in her boudoir, a servant entered, announcing that a person, who declined stating his name or his errand, desired to speak with her. Madame Belorgey at once left her boudoir, and proceeded to a waiting-room, to see what was wanted by the stranger. She found a wrinkled old man, with gray hair and beard, and a slight stoop, who stated, when she inquired the object of his visit, that he had something to say to her, but could not speak in the presence of a witness.

Diane desired the servant to withdraw, and then remarked:

"We are now alone, monsieur. May I know whom I have the honor of addressing, and the object of your visit?"

The stranger, without speaking, took off his wig, beard, and whiskers, also a cloak that had enveloped his figure, and assuming a pathetic air, as Diane regarded him in stupefied amazement.

"What!" cried he, "you do not not remember your Gorgeon, your husband?"

This adjuration fell on the ears of the horrified woman like a clap of thunder; but she had strength enough to preserve her presence of mind.

"Monsieur," she replied, as she laid her hand on the bell-rope, "permit me to tell you that no sensible person could give the slightest faith to your words. Such an imposture is far too clumsy. M. Gorgeon, my first husband, shot himself through the head. All Paris knows that such was the fact; and it is now ten years ago since he was buried, and as is usual in the case of those who have committed suicide, by the public authority. A legal document testifies to this fact. It would be a very credulous imagination that could believe him to be still alive."

The stranger listened, with a smile, and replied:

"You are the last person, Diane, who should doubt my identity, for everything was arranged and executed for your sake."

Gorgeon, for it was no other than himself, then proceeded to inform his former wife of the details of his trick, and of his flight, with such minuteness, that she was compelled to open her eyes to the evidence he placed before her.

"This is not all," he added; "I wrote to you twice, without signature, and without giving you any details; my position rendered it impossible for me to be more explicit. My first letter would show you that I was in a place of safety; in my second I endeavored to let you know that I was re-establishing my fortune, and that, consequently, I should again make my appearance here. I have now returned, and shall at once resume my rank and my position."

Diane, overpowered, had not a word to say.

"Now, you know everything," cried Gorgeon, impatiently, "why do you not throw yourself into my arms?"

"I have already told you that I have contracted a second marriage," replied the unfortunate Diane, unable to repress her tears.

She now explained to the resuscitated banker that even if he were really, as he asserted, her former husband, she could not regard herself as being still his wife.

"Your conduct to me fully justifies this decision," she continued. "Not only have you brought upon your name a disgrace which would render my life odious to my dying day, but you abandoned me without a word of explanation, without knowing what would become of me.—Everything, as you must admit, authorized me to form a second marriage; and would it be natural, or honorable, in me to leave an honorable man like Captain Belorgey, who has surrounded me with affection and with the greatest comfort and happiness, to return to him who left me so unjustifiably, and who had done all that he could do to render my existence unbearable?"

"Very good, madame," cried the pretended defunct, in an angry voice, as he left the room, "I shall have recourse to the law and to its ministers. *They* will no doubt be more successful in bringing you to a sense of your duty towards your lawful husband."

The ex-banker, fully persuaded that the length of time which had elapsed since his departure had sufficed to efface the responsibility of his former failure, proceeded at once to one of the principal magistrates of the city, related to him, with the utmost minuteness, all his adventures, and wound up his statement by demanding the aid of the law to compel his wife to return to him.

But the magistrate, who had listened carefully to his deposition, testified all the horror with which the revolting history had inspired him. "Leave this place—leave it instantly, miserable man!" cried the magistrate. "You are at once a robber, a forger, and a violator of the sanctity of the grave. If you were arrested, as you shall be if you fail to quit this city within an hour, the least that could happen to you would be to be broken on the wheel in the Place de Greve. Be off, and if you value your miserable life, never set your feet again upon the soil of France."

The ex-banker, now feeling, for the first time, the extent of this criminality and of his disgrace, lost no time in quitting the office of the man of the law, and returning to his inn, made up his baggage with such celerity, that within an hour he was again on his way to England.

"To become rich was not enough," murmured the wretched man, as he left the city. "I should have done better to kill myself outright. I shall carry with me the memory of this woman for whom I have worked so hard, and who, I see very clearly, has never loved me. A thousand deaths would have been to me a punishment less severe than the horror my unexpected appearance has caused her."

Diane and the captain, greatly affected by the visit of the resuscitated banker, were only reassured by the card of the magistrate to whom Gorgeon had addressed himself, and who satisfied them that the miserable man would never again venture to disturb their tranquillity.

The event justified the magistrate's opinion, for nothing was ever again heard of the once rich and prosperous banker, whose life was probably passed thenceforth in exile. QUANTUM.

FROM KANSAS.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 2.—The advices from Kansas state that the militia under Col. Titus would soon be disbanded.

Gov. Geary had quietly submitted to the action of the habeas corpus issued by Judge Lecompte in the case of Hayes.

Col. Titus was to leave soon with 100 men for Nicaragua.

CHICAGO, Dec. 4.—We have later advices from Kansas, stating that Gov. Geary had taken measures to re-capture the prisoners who recently made their escape from Lecompton.

The Grand Jury having found bills of indictment against several pro-slavery men, a public meeting had been called, Surveyor General Calhoun presiding, at which Gov. Geary and his inquisitorial courts were repudiated and denounced, and a call issued for a law and order convention to meet at Leavenworth on the 1st of December.

Col. Titus gives notice to the persons wishing to go to Nicaragua, to rendezvous at St. Louis on the 10th of December. A free passage is offered. He says that after the settlement of the Central American question, the purpose is to turn attention to Cuba.

William Spencer, Esq., has been appointed by the President to be United States Marshal for the Territorial of Kansas, vice J. B. Donaldson, resigned.

Official correspondence, which we find published in the Washington Union, conveys the intelligence that the United States regular troops are about to be removed from the Territory of Kansas. The reason given for this is, that peace prevails. A letter from General Persifer F. Smith, dated Fort Leavenworth, Nov. 11th, says that "the laws have again been put in operation, and the administration of justice revived." He adds:

"Deserted farms are again occupied, fences re built, fields put under cultivation, and the ruins of houses destroyed by fire replaced by more durable habitations; the roads are covered with travellers, unarmed and secure; and the towns thronged with persons selling their produce, and purchasing from the stores. All these evidences of restored order have enabled me, with the concurrence of the Governor of the Territory, to recall the troops from the active duty on which they have been employed, and to establish them again at their proper posts, where they are to pass the winter. As there are no secure prisons yet built for the territorial authorities to use in the administration of justice, at his request there will remain at the disposition of the Governor a few men to guard prisoners in the custody of the law, and for other such contingencies."

A letter from Mr. Deas, dated at Fort Leavenworth, on the 12th ult., by order of Gen. Smith, commands the troops to return to their permanent stations, except two companies of cavalry and one of infantry, to be left at Lecompton under Col. Cook.

☞ Tennyson has a new volume of poems nearly ready for the press. The Literary Gazette says: "It will, we are informed, consist of two poems, both of considerable length, and in blank verse, and the subject of each drawn from that storehouse of Arthurian romance, which has already afforded such rich material to his genius in the 'Morte d'Arthur,' and 'The Lady of Shalott.' The story of one is the Enchantment of Merlin, that of the other is derived from the romance of Eric, or Geraint, published by Lady Charlotte Guest, in her edition of the 'Mabinogian.'"

☞ At night we cannot tell whether the river is shallow or deep: so neither can we judge of a silent or secret man. To know him we must have light, or else be able to sound him.

☞ An eminent painter was asked what he mixed his colors with to produce so extraordinary an effect. "I mix them with brains, sir," was his answer.

CONGRESS.

SENATE.—On Dec. 2nd, the reading of the President's Message was concluded. A motion made to re-print the same with its accompanying documents, gave occasion for discussion. Messrs. Hale, Seward, Trumbull, Wade, and Fessenden, commented with great severity on the Message, denying the truth of its statements. Messrs. Brown, Mason, Cass, Fitzpatrick and Butler replied, defending the position taken by the President, and endorsing the Message. The discussion lasted till Dec. 4th, when the Senate adjourned to the following Monday. The announcement of Mr. Clayton's death was made on the 3d instant, and the usual resolutions of respect were adopted.

In the HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, on Dec. 2nd, after the reading of the President's Message, the question of Mr. Whitfield's admission as a delegate from Kansas was opened, and a discussion begun which lasted till Dec. 5th, when the House adjourned till Monday, without reaching any decision, except to postpone further consideration of the matter to the ensuing Tuesday. On Friday, when the question recurred upon laying upon the table Mr. Grow's motion to reconsider the vote rejecting Whitfield, the yeas and nays were called, and the vote stood 108 to 111, the Democrats having three majority, just the number of Republican absentees—Messrs. Dickson of New York, Covode of Penna., and Damrell of Massachusetts, all six Messrs. Haven and Scott, Americans, voted against Whitfield. Messrs. Moore, Harrison, Broom, Whitney and Valk, Americans, voted for Whitfield. Mr. Hickman also voted nay. This is considered a decisive vote in favor of Whitfield. Nothing else was done, save noticing Mr. Clayton's demise as usual, and allotting the members their regular seats.

On Monday, the House read the President's Message.

THE FOREIGN NEWS.

By the mails of the Arabia we have London papers of the 22nd of November. The following summary, from the European Times of that date, presents the important events of the week which preceded:—

It is said that cabinet changes of an important nature are impending. Lord Panmure will resign the department of War, and will either retire altogether to Scotland or fill some office—like that of Lord Privy Seal—not involving such hard work as the Secretaryship of State or War. Amongst those named as likely to succeed Lord Panmure are Mr. Sidney Herbert, Lord Dalhousie or the Duke of Somerset.

The Neapolitan difficulty presents no new feature, beyond a statement which comes through Vienna, to the effect that the Lazzaroni had got up a plot to murder the French and English residents, if the Western Powers take any steps against King Bomba. But this statement requires verification.

From Berlin comes an assurance that the English Government has notified the French, Austrian and Turkish cabinets that the English fleet will winter at Sinope, and remain in the Black Sea until Russia has completed the treaty of peace. No official intimation has been given of this fact to Russia, because Lord Stratford de Redcliffe had apprised the Russian Ambassador to the Porte of the intention of the British Government.

According to a Belgian authority, the French Ambassador, M. de Morney, is in disgrace. He has been recalled from St. Petersburg, and the French Government papers are now engaged in writing down the Russian railway scheme. Of the truth of this statement scarcely a doubt can be entertained. The Count's horses and carriages have preceded him.

Sir James Outram has left Southampton to take command of the British force which is to operate against Persia. The siege of Herat continued, and two regiments of Persians who had obtained an entrance into the city by treachery, were cut to pieces by the Affghans. Rumors of the fall of Herat had been circulated, but they were generally discredited.

The election of Mr. Buchanan to the Presidency, is generally regretted by the English press.

Dr. Kane has left England for the West Indies, for the benefit of his health.

Advices from St. Petersburg to the 10th, state that the winter had set in with great severity. Two hundred ships were frozen in at Cronstadt.

Authentic communications announce the certain abdication of the King of Denmark in favor of Prince Ferdinand.

The apprehension of Redpath for defrauding his employers, the Great Northern Railway Co., of untold sums of money, has been followed by a terrible incident in Ireland—the murder of an Irish railway cashier in the metropolis of that country, under circumstances more than ordinarily mysterious and appalling. It was at first believed that the death had been the result of suicide, and the suspicions of the public—now jealous of the honesty of railway officials, however undeserving the population—jumped to the conclusion that his accounts were inaccurate, and that he had parted with his life to escape disgrace. It now appears that the unfortunate gentleman, Mr. Little, was a model of punctuality and rectitude, and that he has been deliberately assassinated in his own office, attached to the railway premises. The murderer's object appears to have been plunder only, as far as can be inferred at present.

Almost cotemporaneous with this shocking event occurs another on an Irish railway—the Waterford and Kilkenny—by which several lives were lost and a number of persons have received serious and even fatal injuries. The calamity was caused by the Dublin down train having run into some ballast wagons while going at a speed of forty miles an hour.

GREAT FAILURES.—The business circles in New York were startled on December 8th by the announcement of the failure of Jacob Little, the great monarch of the stock market. The news excited immense consternation among the stock brokers, many of whom were directly interested in Mr. Little's operations.

Among the stocks in which he is short is Chicago and Rock Island, say to the extent of 14,000 shares. He is largely short of all Western roads; also, in New York Central. The difference due to parties who have dealt in Central stock, in some cases reach $100,000, and among his largest creditors will be found the houses who, unlike Mr. Little have ever sustained the Erie, Central and Reading stocks. Parties engaged in constructing roads at the West, whose enterprises have been hindered by Mr. Little's prominent position as a bear, will also be large losers.

The market has been for some time past a rising one, and the daily cash differences which Messrs. Little & Co. had to pay, amounted on an average to $60,000.

This it was impossible to continue. The news from Europe by the Arabia, and telegraphed from Halifax, proved contrary to Messrs. Little & Co.'s expectations, favorable, and the New York Stock Market rose on the news. This sealed their fate. The operations of this house embraced all kinds of stocks, but were principally in Erie, Reading, New York Central, and all the Western railroad stocks.

So largely short were Messrs. Little & Co., of stocks, and so scarce were those in the market, reason, that prices must have risen from 5 to ten per cent. in a short time, from their own necessary purchases. Their stoppage has brought the market to a sudden turn.

The losses in the aggregate will amount to about half a million, and the effect of the failure, it is said, will be generally disastrous, inasmuch as the stock depreciated are the basis of large loans at banks and in private hands, and will be changed, and in numerous cases, thrown upon the market. The effect of the failure on the sale of New York State bonds and bank shares was immediate and decided, very few being disposed of.

The failure of a large ... New York, is also announced. His liabilities are $... all to Charleston houses.

Samuel Henshaw & Sons in Boston, failed largely on the 5th. Mr. Henshaw, Sen., was a trustee of the Rutland Railroad, and connected with various other roads.

☞ SUGAR-STICKS.—A German chemist has discovered (German chemists discover everything now-a-days) the means of extracting sugar from birch wood. This explains, then, why it was usual at school to refer to a salute on the rod as "sweetener."

☞ "Pat, you have dated your letter a week ahead. It is not so late in the month by one week, you apalpeen." "Troth, boy, indade, and it's jest meself what is wanting sweet Kathleen to get it in advance of the mail. Sure I'll not care if she gets it three days afore it is written, me darlint!"

POLITICAL NEWS.

THE ELECTORAL COLLEGE.—The New York Presidential Electors met at Albany on Dec. 2nd, and, on Dec. 3rd, cast the thirty-five votes of the State for Fremont and Dayton.

The Pennsylvania Electoral College, assembled at Harrisburg on Dec. 3rd, and cast the twenty-seven votes of the State for Buchanan and Breckinridge.

THE VIRGINIA ELECTORAL COLLEGE, according to the Washington Star, recommends Gov. Floyd for a post in Mr. Buchanan's Cabinet, an act which, it is also said, the Democratic members of Congress from Virginia, strongly condemn.

The Electors had quite a jubilee after casting the vote of the State. Gov. Wise was present, and many speeches were made and toasts drunk, one of the latter declaring the Ostend Manifesto to be "but the eternal law of Nature and nations, self-preservation—all honor to the statesman who executes its principles."

Gov. Wise, in a speech, declared that nothing could tempt him to leave his present position, in which the Democracy of Virginia had placed him. He also said it was due to Virginia that some one of her distinguished citizens should be called to aid the incoming Administration in carrying out its policy. Both these declarations were received with thunders of applause.

A statement, nobody knows how true, is published to the effect that Mr. Buchanan has expressed a desire to have the benefit of Mr. Wise's counsel, and offered him any station within his gift, but she Governor has declined the tender thus made.

NEWS ITEMS.

A PARTY hunting in Angelina county, Texas, found in a cave two human bodies entirely petrified, dressed in a style neither Indian nor European. The features and dress were admirably preserved. A garment which must have resembled a hunting-shirt, seemed to have been worn by each, and partly preserved by petrefaction, was distinctly visible, especially at its seams and folds. On the waist of one was a buckle of pure gold, almost three inches in diameter, securely imbedded in the body. The features were not much shrunken; the eyes were partly closed, and even traces of the eyebrows could be seen plainly.

IT is represented to the Post-Office Department, at Washington, that in many of the Post-Offices, particularly at the South, public documents are allowed to remain weeks, and sometimes months, without being despatched or delivered according to their address. Accordingly, the Postmaster General has issued stringent instructions on the subject, and such delinquency on the part of any Postmaster, when reported to the Department, will be considered good cause of removal.

A NEW YORK correspondent of the Albany Argus, says that Col. Fremont has challenged Toombs, of Georgia, to a duel, for having made reflections on his birth and questioned his legitimacy.

A CHILD between three and four years old, recently fell from a six-story window in Paris, rolled from the roof to the gutter, and thence to the middle of the street, striking first on the head of a diligence driver, then on the horses, and thence to the ground. The child walked off uninjured, but the stage-driver had a headache all that day.

A FARMER in California states that he has ploughed seventy-five acres this year with a yoke of cows. He says they are faster walkers than oxen—that they give milk, and save the expense of keeping another team.

WE LEARN that all the Sheriffs throughout the State of Rhode Island have changed their style of dress for Court and State occasions, to one of uniformity. Among the interesting features of it is the State coat of arms worn upon the buttons.

DESPATCH.—A young man of wealth and respectability, having some business transactions with one of our book-binding firms some days since, while there saw a very pretty girl and fell desperately in love with her. He proposed, was accepted, and married her the next day. The romantic lovers have gone South to spend the honey-moon.—*Albany Knickerbocker.*

A MAINE Fremonter walked from Shad Lake to Bath, last week, with an eight-inch corn-cob in his mouth, as the penalty of a wager—that Pennsylvania would vote for his favorite. Another Fremonter, in Saratoga, stands all day with a horse-collar around his neck for a like reason.

CONVERSION BY COERCION.—The Black sovereign of Abyssinia has organized a system of Christianity peculiarly his own, and proposes to convert all Africa to it by fire and sword.

A NEW PRESERVE.—Poha jelly, made from a root which grows in the Sandwich Islands, and said to be more delicate than guava jelly, has lately been introduced into the United States.

BURNING SMOKE.—A manufacturer at Cincinnati, Ohio, has introduced the English arrangement for consuming the smoke of his furnace, whereby he saves about 20 per cent. of fuel. Cincinnati is almost as dirty a place now as Pittsburg.

THALBERG, the pianist, gave a Free Concert at Niblo's Theatre, New York, on the morning of Dec. 2nd, for the benefit of the Public Schools. There were five thousand children present.—When the performances of the great pianist were concluded, the children sang for him the song "Sweet Home." The effect of so many thousand youthful voices singing together is described to have been very beautiful.

POSTSCRIPT.

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

The U. S. Mail Steamship ... Atlantic arrived at New York on Dec. 9th, with Liverpool dates to the 29th ult.

The English Government has given official notice of its intention to furnish ships for the purpose of taking additional soundings for the Atlantic Telegraph, and also for laying the cable during next Summer. The notice also includes a guarantee of four per cent. on the capital.

Negotiations regarding the Holgrod difficulty between Russia and England, are still pending. It is said that the English Government, having been inspired with distrust at the extraordinary activity which prevails in the Russian ship-building establishments on the Black Sea, has applied to France for the purpose of making a joint representation to Russia on the subject.

War between Persia and Affghanistan still continues. The fate of Herat is not known.

Great fires had devastated the Turkish cities of Pera and Adrianople. A terrible catastrophe had occurred on the Isle of Rhodes, the lightning having struck an immense deposit of gunpowder stored in the ancient vaults at Malta. An explosion of course followed, succeeded by a frightful fire which destroyed the whole Turkish quarter. Of the entire population only three children escaped—all the rest perished!

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.—Liverpool Cotton Market, Nov. 25.—The closing quotations to-day, are:

Fair Orleans	7¾
Middling Orleans	6 15-16
Fair Mobiles	7¾
Middling Mobiles	6¾
Fair Uplands	7¾
Middling Uplands	6¾

Manchester Market dull.

Breadstuffs—The various Liverpool circulars quote the market for breadstuffs as dull.

Richardson, Spence & Co., quote Red Wheat at 9s8s; White Wheat 9s 2d a 9s 10d. Western Canal Flour is not quoted. Baltimore and Philadelphia Flour 32s a 33s 3d; Ohio Flour 34s a 35s 6d.

Mixed Corn, 33s a 33s 6d; White Corn, 34s a 36s. Yellow Corn 33s 6da 33s 9d.

Provisions—Pork and Beef dull. Bacon steady; the market is bare.

Ashes—Pot Ashes are unchanged.

Naval Stores—Common Rosin active; sales at 4s. 9d a 5s. 6d; Spirits Turpentine 34s a 35s. 0d.

Nothing doing in Fish Oils.

Bark—Philadelphia Quercitron 13s. 6d.; Baltimore, 11s. 6d.

LONDON, Nov. 25.—The Money market is easier, with an increase in bullion. Consols for money steady at 94¾94¾. For account, 94¾94¾.

TERRIBLE RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—PITTSBURG, Dec. 9.—About half-past 7 o'clock last evening the Cleveland ... in ran through the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Pittsburg ... Alliance, smashing two cars of the ... and Chicago train ... cars was thrown into the rotunda ... latter train. One of the ... through the public room of the station, and the other ... which constitutes part of Bourse hotel, in which several persons were sitting. The rotunda and sitting-room were both torn down, killing eight and wounding a number of persons.

The following are the killed:

Jacob Rudy, John McIntyre, and Dr. Smith and lady, all of Alliance.

Mr. Jattholt and Wm. Ritchie, of New Garden, Ohio, and John Brooks, of New Jersey.

It is said that the engineer of the Cleveland and Pittsburgh train has absconded.

GLANCES AT MY LAST CRUISE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY AN OFFICER OF THE NORTH PACIFIC SURVEYING AND EXPLORING EXPEDITION.

How we Visited the Village.

My last letter was chiefly devoted to the different formations about the coal strata in general, and the "patent boot-jack mixture" in particular, and now I will leave Le Tailleur and his dozen Bremen digging away at its gum-like strength, and carry the reader along with the doctor and myself as we started to follow the swampy bank of the small river that emptied into the bottom of the hook at high water, and which at low tide ran a mile or more over the flats of said hook, until it finally reached the sea at the imaginary line previously spoken of.

This hook, as I have already said, in a previous letter, formed an inner harbor at high water, and an extensive mud-flat when the tide was down, and as the river widened its channel considerably while running over it, thus decreasing its depth in proportion, there was no difficulty in crossing in a straight line from the coal mine to the opposite village at low tides. In the present case, however, we determined to follow the river up into the mountains, in the hope of crossing the track of some bear or other game, and finally visiting the village on our return. So we left this latter on our right and the coal mine in our rear, and trudged along through the soft and spongy turf, and over the rugged tails of ridges that ran down and terminated at the river, until we had pretty well tired ourselves out, and arrived, not at the mountains, but at the conclusion that we had walked along the boggy bank quite long enough, and that if we expected to visit the village and get back to the ship before night, it was full time for us to be turning back, and "stirring our stumps." So we took advantage of the first fordable part of the river to wade across, and soon found ourselves climbing the hills on the opposite side.

From the top of these hills we now looked towards the village over a treeless expanse of undulating land, whose broken surface was covered with a dense but dry turf in which the foot sank over the ankle at every step, and whose occasional ravines were hidden by groves of dwarf pines, under which a long and wiry grass grew, and twisted, and turned, and retwisted itself in such a manner as to render it anything but an easy matter to work our way down, over, and up to the opposite heights. Still even that was better than the muddy, spongy walking along the river's bank, and so we continued on over the yielding turf and through the tangled grass, until we had crossed the last ravine, and ascended to the extensive prairie-like plain, upon the sea-edge of which the mound-like houses of the village were located.

We had not walked many hundred yards over this beautiful carpeting of grass, before our attention was attracted by a shout upon our starboard quarter, and upon turning in that direction, we beheld a party of five persons, among whom we recognized Vel Lager and another of our messmates, while the remaining three were buckskin clad natives, who apparently had been pressed into their service as guides. These latter we found to consist of a father and two sons, the former of whom carried a smooth-bore flint-rifle, to which was attached a permanent rest in the shape of a wooden prong pivoted at its vertex to the stock near the muzzle, while in his belt was stuck a short knife, and down his right leg, outside in a socket worked in his leggins, a very long one. His sons were rigged out in a similar style, with the exception of having no gun, and they gave us to understand that when the old gentleman would wound a bear with his gun, they drew their long knives to assist him in the conflict which followed. The short ones they used for cutting and eating.

As they joined us we regarded them as curiously as they did us, for they were the first of their kind we had seen, though we had read much of their habits, and seen many engravings of Kamtschadales, in such works as Dr. Pritchard's Natural History. I was surprised to find them differing entirely from those engravings, and my surprise lasted until we reached Ayan when "old Frybark" explained it all away.

"The Kamtschadales," he said, "were mostly confined to the interior and east coast of the peninsular, while the few people found on the west coast (where we were) were a mongrel breed springing from Russians and the Ee-ah-couts Indians, and presenting the Ethnologist with a most puzzling diversity of feature and general appearance.

These particular three whom we now joined, and in fact all of those whom we subsequently encountered in the village, were of ordinary stature, flat featured, and of a sallow, olive complexion; and that is about all that I can say of them. They were dressed in loose garments of reindeer skins that had been well cured, with the hair inside, and the red and polished buckskin turned outside to bid defiance to everything in the shape of briers and almost to old Time himself. It was difficult to imagine how such clothes could *ever* wear out, so preserving a polish had they received from the combination of dirt and grease with which they seemed to be brought in constant contact.

Their trowsers and boots—or rather, I should say, moccasins—were made in one, and a smock-frock-like garment came down half way to the knee, and was confined around the waist by a buckskin belt. This frock was provided with a hood which usually hung down the back, but which could be hauled over both head and face at the pleasure of the wearer. When thus rigged out they were cold proof, and in fact *water* proof also, as long as they did not wade through water that was more than waist deep. Some of their clothes were sewed with waxed thread, obtained probably years back from wandering whalers, while others were more perceptibly, but with equal neatness and far greater strength, stitched together with threads drawn from the sinews of the reindeer or mountain elk.

Although our examination of the companions of Vel Lager was so very close, it was not a whit more so than theirs of us. They mixed with us in perfect confidence* drank a glass of brandy with undoubted gusto,—and then commenced to examine our clothes, boots, weapons, &c., &c. What surprised them most, and excited their admiration to the highest pitch, was the fineness of the grains of our powder, which the father of the party could not cease comparing with his own, asking by signs if we had any to give away. We gave him to understand in return that we would give him a capful of it, if he would shoot us a mountain elk and bring it on board, upon which he danced around in frantic delight, partly from the effects of brandy and partly from those of joy, I suppose, and when he had in a manner recovered his composure, informed us that as soon as he could get a horse in from the country, he would mount him and ride away, after which we might soon expect to see him returning with a buck on said horse's shoulders. His manner of explaining to us that he was talking about a horse, was simple in the extreme. He only straddled the fore finger of his left hand with the fore and middle finger of his right hand, neighed very horse-like, then clucked with his mouth, and finally belabored an imaginary animal most unmercifully, with his hide covered heels.

After all this he went on to inform us that he should be perfectly contented when he should become possessed of so much powder, that it would certainly last him to his grave, and that when it was gone he would be willing to die. He never fired more than once at a deer, he said, and throwing himself on the ground flat on his face, he planted his forked rest firmly, showed us how he called the deer towards him, how he took aim, motioned us to imagine him covered with bushes so that he could not be seen, and having satisfied us fully on all these points, recovered his feet with the agility of a monkey, and followed us as we walked towards the village.

As we approached this latter, a number of shaggy dogs barked and howled at us as they retreated behind the piles of earth which we had justly taken to be the houses, and we were expecting to see crowds of women and children alarmed by said barking, and coming out to see "what the row was," when our friend of the smooth-bore flint-rifle suddenly opened a door and motioned us to enter. It was a long, dark, and narrow archway down which we peered as the door was opened, and a greasy smell of whale blubber, half cured fish, &c., that broke upon our noses, combined with the dim light of a murky fire in a distant apartment at its end took away everything that might have been pleasant in the prospect of resting our wearied limbs in a warm atmosphere. And as we "hang back" at that door, and look in one another's faces as much as to ask—shall we brave that odor?—let me give the reader an idea of the outer appearance of those singular habitations:

They resembled the half of a long necked gourd, one that has been split in half to make two drinking cups of, and having a dozen or more pins stuck in the outside of the bottom of the cup, which, in this case, corresponds to the roof of the house. Altogether they were most outlandish looking houses outside, but when you once entered them the philosophy of their peculiar construction became beautifully apparent. The long, dark, and narrow archway down which we looked, proved to be a passage of some four feet in width, by forty or fifty in length, and was flanked on either side by angular spaces resembling the wings of a garret, which were admirably adapted for the storage of winter provender in the shape of dried seal and deer meat, smoked salmon, whale blubber, &c., &c., besides adding largely to the—air-room—if I may be allowed the expression—of the house in general.

As we passed through this lengthy and gloomy passage-way, the "greasy odor" before alluded to, grew stronger and stronger, and I for one had made up my mind as we emerged from it into the spacious and bowl-like apartment, that my stay was to be of exceeding limited duration; imagine my pleasant surprise, therefore, when I found that the air of this larger apartment was, comparatively speaking, quite pure. I drew a long breath of it as I became aware of the fact, and advancing towards the fire, seated myself upon a pile of deer skins, and began to look around me. But what I there saw and thought, is worthy of being put at the head of another letter. How truly has it been said, that "one half of the world knows not how the other half lives!"

*Though they had at first mistaken us for Frenchmen, come to bombard "their town." And there I was surprised to see how well the French were known, and how totally the English were unknown. "France no dabre"—they would say—French no good—but we could not get a word or even a look from them when speaking of the English.

FIRE AND ASHES.

BY PHŒBE CARY.

Turning her sweet face to the west,
Sat the fair maid when day was done,
Watching the light that streamed above
The buried splendor of the sun;
And feeding in her heart a flame,
Fanned by alternate hopes and sighs,
That burned to blushes in her cheek,
And shone reflected in her eyes.

An hour, that sunset fire was out,
And all the trace it left behind
Was clouds of ashes blown about
By the strong purpose of the wind.
An hour, the fire was down within,
And all she had who waited there
Was hope's dead ashes whirled and tossed
By the fierce tempest of despair.

The Influence of Temper on Health.—Excessive labor, exposure to wet and cold, deprivation of sufficient quantities of necessary and wholesome food, habitual bad lodging, sloth, and intemperance, are all deadly enemies to human life; but they are none of them so bad as violent and ungoverned passions. Men and women have survived all these, and at last reached an extreme old age; but it may be safely doubted whether a single instance can be found of a man of violent and irascible temper, habitually subject to storms of ungovernable passion, who has arrived at a very advanced period of life. It is therefore a matter of the highest importance to every one desirous of preserving "a sound mind in a sound body," so that the brittle vessel of life may glide down the stream of time smoothly and securely, instead of being continually tossed about amidst rocks and shoals which endanger its existence, to have a special care, amidst all the vicissitudes and trials of life, to maintain a quiet possession of his own spirit.

Economy of the Arts.—The horse-shoe nails dropped in the streets, carefully collected, reappear in the form of swords and guns. The clippings of tinker's shops, mixed with the parings of horses' hoofs, or cast off woolen garments, appear afterwards in the form of dyes of the brightest blue, in the dress of courtly dames. The bones of dead animals yield the chief constituents of lucifer matches—phosphorus. The dregs of port wine, carefully rejected by the port wine drinker in decanting his favorite beverage, are taken by him in the form of Seidlitz powders. The washings of coal gas reappear carefully preserved in the lady's smelling-bottle as an ammoniacal salt.

Byron and his Lady.—Lord Byron told Trelawney that his separation from his wife proceeded from a few hasty words, uttered when he was unaware of her presence. During his financial troubles his wife had come into his study so quietly that Byron did not know it. Thinking over his condition, and how much his marriage had rendered his ruin more unpleasant, he cried audibly enough for her to hear, "Lady Byron is confoundedly in my way!" She roused him from his brown study by saying, "Indeed, my lord! I can easily get out of it!" Byron would have it she never forgave this escapade.

INTERESTING REMINISCENCES.

From a new work—"Recollections of My Lifetime"—by S. G. Goodrich, late American Consul at Paris, and the original Peter Parley, we make some pleasant and instructive extracts. The following account of the *rencontre* between General Jackson and John Q. Adams, at President Monroe's levee, the night after Adams's election over Jackson for the Presidency by the House of Representatives, in 1824, is very graphic:—

I shall pass over other individuals present, only noticing an incident which respects the two persons in the assembly who, most of all others, engrossed the thoughts of the visitors—Mr. Adams the elect, Gen. Jackson the defeated. It chanced in the course of the evening that these two persons, involved in the throng, approached each other from opposite directions, yet without knowing it. Suddenly, as they were almost together, the persons around, seeing what was to happen, by a sort of instinct stepped aside and left them face to face; Mr. Adams was by himself; Gen. Jackson had a large, handsome lady on his arm. They looked at each other for a moment, and then Gen. Jackson moved forward, and reaching out his long arm, said—"How do you do, Mr. Adams? I give you my left hand, for the right, as you see, is devoted to the fair; I hope you are very well, sir." All this was gallantly and heartily said and done. Mr. Adams took the general's hand, and said, with chilling coldness—"Very well, sir; I hope Gen. Jackson is well!" It was curious to see the western planter, the Indian fighter, the stern soldier who had written his country's glory in the blood of the enemy at New Orleans—genial and gracious in the midst of a court, while the old courtier and diplomat was stiff, rigid, cold as a statue! It was all the more remarkable from the fact, that four hours before, the general had been defeated, and Mr. Adams was a victor in a struggle for one of the highest objects of human ambition. The personal character of these two individuals was in fact well expressed in that chance meeting; the gallantry, the frankness and the heartiness of the one, which captivated all; the coldness, the distance, the self-concentration of the other, which repelled all. A somewhat severe but still acute analyst of Mr. Adams's character, says: "Undoubtedly, one great reason of his unpopularity, was his cold, antipathetic manner, and the suspicion of selfishness it suggested, or, at least aided greatly to confirm. None approached Mr. Adams but to recede. He never succeeded—he never tried to conciliate."

I recollect an anecdote somewhat illustrative of this. When he was a candidate for the Presidency, his political friends thought it advisable that he should attend a cattle-show at Worcester, Massachusetts, so as to conciliate the number of influential men who might be present. Accordingly he went, and while there many persons were introduced to him, and among the rest a farmer of the vicinity—a man of substance and great respectability. On being presented, he said: "Mr. Adams, I am very glad to see you. My wife, when she was a gal, lived in your father's family; you were then a little boy, and she has told me a great deal about you. She has often combed your head." "Well," said Mr. Adams, in his harsh way—"I suppose she combs yours now!" The poor farmer slunk back like a lashed hound, feeling the smart, but utterly unconscious of the provocation.

In commenting upon the decline of the old-fashioned politeness which Mr. Goodrich is disposed to connect with the accession of Jefferson to the Presidential chair, he tells the following anecdote:—

Jefferson was, or affected to be, very simple in his taste, dress and manners. He wore pantaloons, instead of breeches, and adopted leather shoe-strings in place of buckles. These and other similar things were praised by his admirers as signs of his Democracy—a certain coarseness of manners, supposed to be encouraged by the leaders, passed to the lead. Rudeness and irreverence were at length deemed Democratic if not Democracy. An anecdote, which is strictly historical, will illustrate this. About this time, there was in the eastern part of Connecticut, a clergyman, by the name of Cleveland, who was noted for his wit. One summer day, as he was riding along he came to a brook. Here he paused to let his horse drink. Just then, a stranger rode into the stream from an opposite direction, and his horse began to drink also. The animals approached, as is their wont under such circumstances, and thus brought the two men face to face.

"How are you, priest?" said the stranger.

"How are you, Democrat?" said the parson.

"How do you know I am a Democrat?" said one.

"How do you know I am a priest?" said the other.

"I know you to be a priest by your dress," said the stranger.

"I know you to be a Democrat by your *address*," said the parson.

Of Dr. Nathan Strong, the eccentric clergyman of the Middle Brick Church in Hartford, Connecticut, he tells the following anecdotes:

Dr. S. had issued a prospectus for his sermons, when one day he met Trumbull, the poet. "When are your sermons to be out?" said the latter. "I cannot exactly tell," said the doctor. "I am waiting to find a text to suit a man who never comes to church, except when he has a child to be baptized"—a palpable allusion to Trumbull's neglect of the sanctuary about those days.

Dr. Mason, of New York, once called on Dr. Strong, and as he was about to depart, he stumbled, and almost fell, in consequence of a defect in one of the door-steps. "Why don't you mend your ways?" said he, somewhat peevishly. "I was waiting for a Mason," was the ready reply.

One of Dr. S's. deacons came to him with a difficulty. "Pray, doctor," said he, "tell me how it happens: all my hens hatch on Sunday." "The reason is," said the doctor, "that you set them on Sunday!"

Having given a very amusing account of whittling, which Mr. Goodrich regards as an American institution, he tells the following capital anecdote in illustration of a familiar trait of our national character:—

Some years ago, a young New Englander found himself in the back parts of Pennsylvania, ashore as to the means of living. In this strait he applied to a wealthy Quaker in the neighborhood for help.

"I will furnish thee with work, and will pay thee for it, friend," said the Quaker; "but it is not my custom to give alms to one able to labor, like thee."

"Well, that's all I want," said the Yankee; "of course I am willing to work."

"What can thee do, friend?"

"Anything. I will do anything to get a little money, to help me out of my difficulties."

"Well, there is a log yonder, and there is an axe. Thee may pound on the log with the head of the axe, and if thee is diligent and faithful, I will pay thee a dollar a day."

"Agreed; I'd as soon do that as anything else."

And so the youth went to work and pounded lustily with the head of the axe upon the log. After a time he paused to take breath, then he began again. But after half an hour he stopped, threw down the axe impatiently, and walked away, saying, "I'll be hanged if I'll cut wood without seeing the chips fly!"

American Brisk.—Brisk, of the firm of Brisk & Smart, is a model merchant, eager for gain and constant in business. He hurries up in the morning, and he hurries down impatient for his coffee and cakes, and gulping the one and bolting the other, he is soon whisked away in the omnibus to his dry goods in Pearl street. Now he begins a day of intense activity, making a sale here and paying a note there, settling an account with one and beginning an account with another. Thus hurried along in the vortex of business, time passes without a thought of anything but dry goods, bills payable and bills receivable, until he is reminded, by the approaching close of bank hours that he has a deposit to make, when he is off in a heat, taking the only exercise in the day, by which he is as much benefitted as an ox when driven to slaughter. The deposit made, the savory atmosphere of some neighboring eating house recalls to his memory the fact of the possession of a stomach, and the possibility of its being hungry. He has not much time to spare for chops and brandy-water, as Smith, one of his best customers, always comes in in the afternoon, and likes to be served by himself. Smith served, his bill must be made out and his goods packed; so the busy day is prolonged far into the night, when Brisk finally, with a packet of letters in his hand which must be answered, and can as well be done at home, springs into an omnibus, and is soon trotted up to the Fifth Avenue. As the children are in bed, and Mrs. Brisk is dressing for a party, Brisk has a fine time of it, all to himself, his segar and his letters. This is a fair picture of the American man of business, and its original may be seen not only in the market and exchange, but in the forum and other busy departments of life.

The Rope-Dancer.—It is in the humbler classes of society that the most beautiful sparks of virtue often shine. A fire broke out at Alencon, which produced dreadful ravages. An entire family was saved by an unknown man, who scaled the walls with a wonderful agility, treading the burning beams, and who extricated victim after victim, in the midst of acclamations. This man was Joseph Plege, who exercised the profession of a rope-dancer; and it was the agility and dexterity developed by his occupation that enabled him to save a whole family, by venturing on narrow and moving surfaces to snatch them from the flames. The company to which worthy Plege belonged were preparing to quit Alencon, but their departure was delayed to give him a benefit. The theatre was crowded in every part, and thunders of applause greeted the courageous rope-dancer, who, covered with burns and bruises, endeavored to merit the enthusiasm by which he was overwhelmed. When the receipts, which were considerable, were handed to him, Plege presented the whole amount to the family he had saved. "These poor people," said he, "are ruined; what good shall I have done to have saved them from the flames, if I leave them to the horrors of starvation?" The authorities gave a medal of honor to the brave man who had displayed so much devotion and virtue.—*Elihu Burritt.*

Dust.—Dust is commonly spoken of as a precise, unvarying, specific thing; the same under all circumstances and in all places. Dust is a nuisance to be despised, to be wiped away, or where not, to have the word Slut reproachfully traced on it with a finger-tip. But the microscope reveals to us dust as existing under a thousand charming and admirable forms. The microscopist is obliged to study dust attentively, that he may not mistake some stray hair, or scale, for a portion of the object he is engaged in examining. There is antediluvian dust, which was organized into beauty before Adam had come into the world to behold it; there are dust skeletons, which constitute mountains in their immense aggregate; there is a living dust, which drops from cheese, or metamorphoses itself out of farinaceous matter, or discolors water, or eats through solid oak. On a ship at sea, leagues and leagues away from land, there falls a shower of impalpable dust, brought from the great desert by the heated winds, and close examination proves it to consist of the remains of dead animalcules. There is fertilizing dust, or pollen, without whose influence neither grain nor fruit would reward the cultivator's care.

Don't Worry.—When Bulstrode Whitelock was embarked as Cromwell's envoy to Sweden, in 1768, he was much disturbed in mind as he rested in Harwich on the preceding night, which was very stormy, while he reflected on the distracted state of the nation. It happened that a confidential servant slept in an adjacent bed, who, finding that his master could not sleep, said:—

"Pray, sir, will you give me leave to ask you a question?"

"Certainly."

"Pray, sir, don't you think God governed the world very well before you came into it?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Pray, sir, don't you think that He will govern it quite as well when you are gone out of it?".

"Certainly."

"Then, sir, pray excuse me; but don't you think you may as well trust Him to govern it as long as you live?"

To this question Whitelock had nothing to reply; but turning about soon fell asleep, till he was summoned to embark.

Russian Diaper Cloth.—It may not be generally known, that this useful article of manufacture, an enormous quantity of which is annually introduced into this country, is not fabricated in regular manufacturing establishments, but is exclusively the work of the peasantry, many of them of the poorest class. It is woven by hand labor in households scattered over the empire, principally in the winter season, when there must be a cessation of out-door employment. Some families manufacture but one or two pieces a season, others twenty or thirty. They are carried to the nearest populous town and sold to a trader, who packs them in bales and transports them to St. Petersburg, or some other seaport, where they are again sold for exportation.

☞ A recent English writer says:—"Humanity has its reactions—its oscillations from the extreme of mysticism to the extreme of rationalism, from the extreme of superstition to the extreme of incredulity; just as in politics it is continually passing from the maddest of revolutionary to the most craven of conservative moods."

DIRGE.

BY CHARLES O. EASTMAN.

1.
Softly!
She is lying
With her lips apart.
Softly!
She is dying
Of a broken heart.

2.
Whisper!
She is going
To her final rest.
Whisper!
Life is growing
Dim within her breast.

3.
Gently!
She is sleeping;
She has breathed her last;
Gently!
While you're weeping
She to Heaven has passed!

A MILLIONAIRE BEGGAR.

The Paris correspondent of the *Express* (Jacques Bonhomme), is responsible for the following story:

It is not long since I related to you a rather curious story of a young female rag-picker, who turned out to be the daughter of a wealthy "merchant." Here is the fellow to that anecdote; it is still more marvellous but not less true. Upon one of the most frequented bridges of Paris, was every day to be seen a man of sixty years of age, clothed in rags, but in seeming good health. This old man asked the charity of passers-by in a plaintive voice, and as he appeared worthy, many a sou was thrown into his cup. One evening a lady passed near him, and, taking a piece of money from her purse, put it in the old man's hand and walked on, conscious of having done a kind act. Upon returning to her own house, she discovered that instead of a penny she had, through mistake, given the old beggar a twenty franc piece. She immediately returned to the bridge, but the mendicant was gone. Turning to a woman, also a beggar upon the bridge, she inquired the old man's address, and learned that he lived in the *Rue de Lille*. The next morning she went to the house indicated, and found it to be an elegant hotel.

"No doubt he lives in one of the garrets, where he is permitted to lodge rent free. I'll ask. Old Marcel?" she demanded of the porter.

"First story in front, madame!"

Arrived at the rooms alluded to, the lady felt certain that there must be some mistake. She did not like to trouble the servants of a prince to ask after a beggar, but finally suppressing her emotion, and determined to see the end of the adventure, she rung the bell. A man in livery presented himself.

"Could you show me the room of old Father Marcel?" asked the lady.

"It is here," answered the servant; "please sit down, and I will go and call Monsieur."

"There is certainly a blunder somewhere," thought the lady; "but as the same names are frequently borne by rich and poor alike, I shall only need to beg pardon."

Scarcely had she seated herself upon a sofa, when a second domestic opened the door of a handsome saloon, and a tall old man, wrapped in a rich morning gown, advanced and said—

"Of what service can I be to you, madame?"

"Why, sir," stammered the lady, "I trust you will excuse the apparent impertinence, but the name—the address—even a striking resemblance—may plead for the error I have made. These are the circumstances: yesterday, in passing over the Pont Royal, I hastily gave a Napoleon instead of a copper to a poor man who—— but these details are useless; permit me to retire."

"Remain, madame, if you please," he answered, smiling; "you are not mistaken. You are speaking to old Marcel, and I recognize you as the lady who has frequently bestowed alms upon me. If by error you gave me a twenty franc piece, we will try to recover the coin.

"Pierre! bring me yesterday's receipts!"

The lackey disappeared, and the lady was more astonished than ever. In a moment Pierre returned bearing a large plate, upon which was a pile of small money, which the old man ordered him to empty upon the table. Marcel then turned over the coppers, and presently found the gold piece.

"You are right, madame," said he, courteously handing it to her. "Here is the coin."

The lady could scarcely believe her eyes. She received her money with a blush, and bowed to Marcel, who respectfully conducted her to the door. She has now learned to bestow her charitable gifts with more circumspection, and scarcely expects a repetition of her extraordinary adventure. Such an occurrence, in any other part of the world, would certainly seem incredible, but in a wonderful city like Paris, it is only a common-place affair.

Russian Illuminations.—The best illuminations that met my gaze, were on the birth-night of the empress mother, and consisted of an indefinite quantity of earthen pots, filled with train-oil, or fat, and furnished with wicks of tow. These being set alight were placed in rows along the pavement, one to each little wooden post, or borne. It was the antediluvian French system of lampions, in fact, smelling abominably, smoking suffocatingly, but making a brave blaze notwithstanding, and, in the almost interminable perspective of streets and quays, producing a very curious and ghostly effect. At midnight you could walk a hundred yards on the Nevskoi, without finding a single soul abroad to look at the illuminations; at midnight it was broad daylight. The windows were all blind and headless; what distant droschkies there may have been, made not the thought of a noise on the wooden pavement; and these rows of blinking, fluting grease-pots resting on the earth, led you to fancy that you were walking on the roofs of a city of the dead, illuminated by corpse-candles.—*F. Sala, in Household Words.*

Never Jest with Scripture.—It is of great importance that we should resist the temptation, frequently so strong, of annexing a familiar, facetious, or irreverent idea to a Scriptural expression, a Scripture text, or a Scripture name. Nor should we hold ourselves guiltless, though we may have been misled by mere negligence or want of reflection. Every person of good taste will avoid reading a parody or a travestie of a beautiful poem, because the recollection of the degraded likeness will always obtrude itself upon our memories when we wish to derive pleasure from the contemplation of the elegance of the original. But how much more urgent is the duty by which we are bound to keep the pages of the Bible clear of any impression tending to diminish the blessing of habitual respect and reverence towards our Maker's law.—*Palgrave.*

THE WONDERFUL EGG.

Abijah Smithers was as honest an old soul ever broke the world's bread, as the saying is, but he was a little given to cracking a joke, wh opportunity offered. He lived, and if his bres has not failed him, still lives in the town B——, in the State of Massachusetts. He on boarded in the family of a good, pious old lad a little superstitious withal, who saw and int preted every extraordinary appearance and c currence, as some phenomena, given as an on nious warning from Heaven, to betoken a comi judgment upon the children of men for their i quities. One morning, early, as Abijah was r pairing to his place of business, he accidental discovered a hen's nest, containing a good number of eggs. Immediately the thought stru him, that he would make food of one of them, feast the superstition of Aunt Charity. Accor ingly he took some liquid, and wrote on the e shell, "*Woe, woe to the inhabitants of B——*" By exposure to the action of a gentle heat, th letters assumed the appearance of having bee written with blood. The egg was then again d posited where it was found. In the course of th day, Aunt Charity also discovered the nest—bu judge her astonishment and consternation, beholding the awful, the fatal sentence! H pious soul appealed to Heaven, and offered hasty though fervent petition, that she might n be involved in the general calamity. Again, a again, she perused with horror-stricken feeling the portentous sentence, till, at length, she mu tered courage to remove the sacred deposit fro its resting-place, and bear it to the house for sa keeping. But its import was of too much co sequence to be long concealed. Not doubti that the Lord had adopted this method to com municate the tidings of His displeasure to the i habitants of the town, the old lady considere herself as being appointed His herald: and re membering the fate of poor Jonah, she mounte hood and bonnet, and, with the egg in her hand as her indubitable authority, away she trudge on her important mission. By the time of her re turn home the whole town was in a state of agi tation and alarm. Terror and consternation were visible on every countenance; and the parso was requested to visit the house of Aunt Charity to examine the fatal egg, to explain its import and give his advice on the momentous occasion Accordingly, the next morning, the parson, th deacon, the squire, and a hundred other charac ters, great and small, were on the spot, and, wit all due solemnity, the fatal relic was produced and underwent a formal examination; while th whole congregation awaited the issue in breathless and painful anxiety. At length the writing wa pronounced the work of the Lord, and the only thing now necessary, was to devise means to a vert the awful judgment threatened.

At this solemn juncture, Abijah stepped and requested to see the egg. It was handed him. The next question was, whether the Lord would not be able to *spell* His words rightly Granted, was the unanimous response. "We says Abijah, "this may be the Lord's ha writing, but He has not spelled the name of town right." This put a new face on the affair The fears of the people were relieved. The know ing ones hung their heads. Abijah Smithers laughed in his sleeve—and Aunt Charity found that her wonderful egg was as good for "nu cake," as any other one in the nest.

☞ The Racing Calender proves that the mean descendants of the Arab, Barb, and Turkish horses, ran longer distances, and carried heavier weights, than the horses of the present day, although smaller than they are.

Useful Receipts.

A Cheap and Efficient Rat Trap.—A good trap may be made by filling a smooth kettle to within six inches of the top with water, and covering with chaff. The first rat gets in and makes an outcry because he cannot get out, and the rest coming to see what the matter is, share the same fate.

Incrustations in Culinary Vessels, can be removed readily by boiling a few potatoes in them. This has been known for half a century but there are always young housekeepers startin upon their career who may not know this impo ant fact, where *hard* water prevails.

To Clean Wall Paper.—Soiled wall pap may be made to look as well almost as new most cases, by the following expedient:—T about two quarts of wheat bran, tie it in a bun in coarse flannel, and rub it over the paper. will cleanse the whole paper of all descripti of dirt and spots, better than any other mea that can be used. Some use bread, but dry br is better.

To Take Rust out of Steel.—Cover the ste with sweet oil well rubbed on. In forty-e hours rub with finely powdered unslacked lime until the rust disappears.

How to Cook Old Birds.—Let the birds kept as long as possible, hung up where there a free circulation of air; and, when picked an prepared for dressing, cover the bottom of saucepan with slices of good fresh bacon, upo which lay the bird; then add a pint of goo strong well-seasoned gravy, place the saucepa upon a slow fire, the cover being on, and let contents simmer for an hour and a half or hours, turning the bird occasionally, and supply ing more gravy, if necessary; when done, let the contents be put away in a dish to cool, to be eaten when cold. Birds dressed in this manner are good hot; but they are far better when cole. Snipes and woodcocks are excellent when cooked in this manner, but require much less time than other old birds. The principal thing to be attended to is the fire, that it be not too ardent or too quick, as the desired result with old, tough birds can only be attained by a slow, gradual process. In roasting game, the principal thing to be attended to is *continuous* basting, in which case the fire cannot be too ardent.

Remedy for Burns.—The following receipt, appended to a statement of the remarkable cure of a child, so badly scalded as to be considere beyond hope, appeared originally in the Philada. North American over the signature of a "Philadelphia Physician:"

Take soot from a chimney where wood is burned, rub it fine, and mix one part soot to three parts or nearly so of hog's lard, fresh butter, or any kind of fresh grease *that is not salted*; spread this on linen or muslin, or any cotton cloth for easier and more perfect adaptation. If in very extensive burns or scalds, the cloth should be torn into strips before putting over the se Let the remedy be freely and fully applied, so to perfectly cover all the burned parts. No othe application is required until the patient is well except to apply fresh applications of the soot an lard, &c.

In steamboat explosions, this remedy can nearly all cases be at once applied, and if do many valuable lives will be saved, and a amount of suffering alleviated.

THE LOCUST.

Voice of summer, hidden from the eye
In the sunny tree's green privacy,
Fiery locust—shrill again, again!
Drunk with sunshine—free of work and care,
Happy idler, while the world is fair,
Sing to us from out thy leafy lair,
Praise of idleness to soothe our pain.

What is hotter than that voice of thine?
Like a sunbeam stinging sharp and fine
Through the inmost chambers of the brain;
Burning with the noonday's soltry glare,
Shining dust and glassy shimmering air,
Skies of brass, blear sands, and deserts bare,
Is the fierce sirocco of thy strain.

Though the blinds are shut, and all the room
Shrouded softly in a cool, half gloom,
Thy shrill voice the burning out-world sings—
While the fig-tree scratches at the blind,
And the shadow of the grape spray, twined
Round the balcony, with every wind
Moves across the casement as it swings.

Ah! how sweet that dear Italian tune
Thou art singing! In the burning noon
Dreams the shepherd by the ruined tomb—
On his staff he leans—the while his sheep
Round the wall's scant shadow nibbling creep,
And the bearded goats rear up and peep
Thro' the rifts and browse the poppy's bloom.

In the fields the peasant feels the sun
Beating more intolerably down
While thou singest—as he panting stands,
Breast high in the grain, or bid between
Trellised vines that o'er their cany screen
Topple, waving all their thick-leaved green,
Plucking purple grapes with double hands.

In the villa, checkered sun and shade
Spot the broken, moss-rough balustrade,
And a silver network o'er the rail
Flashes from the basin's quivering tides—
Through the grass the sudden lizard slides
Up the wall—and stands with tremulous sides,
Gleaming in his green enamelled mail.

Now the sun the wasp-stung nectarine rots,
Freckles o'er the rusty apricots,
And distends the grape's thin skin with wine;
Now the glowing orange drops and breaks—
Apples strain their light and shining cheeks,
And the smooth, green, lazy melon takes
Its siesta in the coiling vine.

Childhood's voice is in thy fiery clirr;
Olden summer memories thou can'st stir—
Golden visions we no more shall see:
Thou can'st bid the pictured past arise
To the wanderer's heart, who dying lies,
Far from home, and to his closing eyes
Summon up its lost felicity.

Yes! he treads again the garden ground
Which his childish feet once pattered round;
Where the clustering oleanders tower—
Where, while rocking on its flowery stalk,
Bees he prisoned in the hollyhock,
Listening to their buzz of angry talk,
As they struggled in the crumpled flower.

There the sunflower's shield of brown and gold,
Flaming in the noonday gay and bold,
Topples on its tall o'erburdened stem;
There the currants hang their ruddy beads—
There its flower-globes the hydrangea spreads—
There the spicy pink its odor sheds
From its painted petals' fringed hem.

And a little hand is in his own
Whose warm pressure never more is known,
Who was taken in her childish bloom:
But those sunny curls still seem to float
On the air the while he hears thy note,
And her spirit wavers through his thought
Like a sunbeam in a darkened room.

Voices full of wild and childish glee—
Faces he again shall never see,
Are around him while thy voice he hears.
And the ticking watch ticks not as loud
In that silent room that shutters shroud,
And the cautious figure o'er him bowed
Through his dying eyelids sees the tears.

Chirp away, then, happy summer guest,
Bringing unto every human breast
Summer visions, early memories,—
Trill thy gauzy wings, and let us hear
Through the noon's intensest atmosphere,
Thy fine clarion sounding shrilly clear
Praise of summer idleness and ease.

—*Poems by W. W. Story.*

MURDER AND THE MICROSCOPE.

FROM CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

Amongst the immense number of alterations and improvements which have of late years taken place in the mode of administering the criminal justice of the country, perhaps none are more remarkable than those which have reference to the examination of scientific witnesses, when called upon to substantiate the guilt or innocence of an accused person. A few years ago, it was the common opinion that the testimony of such witness ought to be regarded with a great deal of caution, if not of absolute distrust. We have ourselves heard people, who should have known better, say "that circumstantial evidence was bad enough, but scientific evidence worse; and that, if upon a jury, they would certainly throw overboard the testimony of scientific witnesses as to the guilt or innocence of the prisoner." Towards* the formation of these opinions, scientific men themselves unintentionally contributed; a man of science, in the witness-box, being in times past very different from the same person in every-day life. If a witness for the prosecution, every tittle of evidence, valueless to the commonsense bystander, and every petty act of the prisoner, was in some way made a fresh link in the chain which drew the miserable wretch to the gallows; while, on the contrary, if it were upon the prisoner's behalf he gave his testimony, the most outrageous proofs of guilt were explained as being perfectly consistent with, and indeed confirmatory of the prisoner's innocence. Of course, in such evidence there was an immense deal of hair-splitting, and a considerable number of technical terms and learned phrases used, wholly unintelligible to the unprofessional man; the consequence of which eventually was, that the unprofessional man treated the evidence as he treated most other things he did not understand—that is to say, he looked upon it with contempt, and pronounced it nothing worth.

All this is very much altered in the present day. It is true that evidence is now and then given by unscrupulous men for certain purposes, so entirely opposed to our common sense, as to bring some amount of odium on science generally; but such cases are not of very frequent occurrence. The cause of this great change is owing to the dissemination, amongst all classes, of a knowledge of many of the data upon which scientific witnesses found their opinions. Questions as to the *opinion* of such witnesses were formerly the only ones put; whereas, such questions are now always accompanied by others as to the reasons for forming such opinion. If, in years gone by, a counsel had ventured to ask a medical man, while in the witness-box, upon what authority he formed his conclusions, the witness would immediately have backed himself by an appeal to the doctrines propounded by Hippocrates, Galen, and a dozen other of his illustrious predecessors—the older the better. At the present day, such authorities have, to a great extent, been supplanted by others of quite a different description, most of whom have arisen during the last few years, and have in their revelations taught us important truths hitherto undreamed of. One of the most invaluable of these authorities is the Microscope.

Of course, the evidence which this instrument affords in all those cases where it is appealed to, is entirely circumstantial; but it is circumstantial evidence of the most important description. It may tell us that certain brown rust upon a knife or razor is blood—and more, that it is human blood; it may acquaint us with the nature of a piece of poisonous matter wholly invisible to the naked eye, and which would therefore, without its assistance, have entirely escaped detection; and so in numberless ways may the instrument fill up a hiatus in the evidence, which would otherwise have been wholly insufficient to convict or to exculpate a prisoner.

We will take, as our first illustration, the case of a man named Munroe, tried at the Cumberland spring assizes in 1855, for wilful murder. The fact of the murder having been committed by some one, and the manner in which it was accomplished, were both perfectly clear. The murdered man had been waylaid in a lonely spot; his throat had been divided from ear to ear, and his body thrown under a hedge. The murderer, whoever he was, had doubtless committed the horrible act for the sake of about thirty shillings, which the deceased, the paymaster of a colliery, had in his pocket at the time.

Circumstantial evidence of the most intricate character was produced against the prisoner. He had been seen in a field near the spot; he had changed a half-sovereign shortly afterwards, and had attempted to disguise himself—so it was suggested—by getting a blacksmith to cut off the whole of his whiskers. These and many other facts were deposed to, and occupied nearly two days in the recital; still, in them, taken individually or collectively, there was nothing to warrant a conviction. But now came the evidence of the microscope. A learned microscopist was called, to whom there had been previously submitted a pair of corduroy trowsers and a razor, both known to have been in the possession of the prisoner at the time the murder, by whose hand soever committed, took place. On these trowsers, after a most careful examination, the witness said he had discovered several small spots, the largest being not so large as a swan-shot; the microscope revealed to him that these spots were human blood; and, from their peculiar shape and appearance, he stated confidently that they were formed by small streams of blood spirting upward from the divided artery of a living body. On examining around each of these spots, he discovered traces of soap and evident signs of the spots having been attempted to be washed out, while over one or two of them *ink* had been carefully spread. On the blade of the razor there was some rust; on the ivory handle, a smear of blood, which also turned out to be human. Of course, a vast number of questions were asked in cross-examination, in order to test the credibility due to the assertion that these spots and stains were *human* blood; that assertion being grounded on the delicate measurement of those minute bodies called corpuscles or globules, which constitute the coloring matter of blood. As to this, however, the evidence of the witness was altogether unshaken—the corpuscles found in human blood are each of them about the 1-8200 of an inch in diameter, and differ more or less in size from those of any known quadruped—those of the sheep being but 1-7000 of an inch; of the dog, 1-3542; &c.

What could be said against such evidence as this? Here was a razor rusted with blood—blood, too, being on the handle; trowsers, with spots of human blood upon them, which it had been attempted to eradicate by washing and covering with ink. Coupled with the other evidence in the case, it was irresistible; a verdict of guilty was found, and the man was executed.

In the next case we will mention, the value of the microscope as an agent in the detection of crime was still more strikingly shown, although, from certain causes, the prisoners escaped the punishment which no reasonable person could doubt he justly merited.

At the Chelmsford spring assizes, 1852, C—— H—— was put upon his trial for wilful murder. The circumstantial evidence, by which it was attempted to bring the guilt to the prisoner's door, was even more complicated than in the last case; but although, without the scientific evidence, it was sufficient to raise against him a grave suspicion, it would have been wholly ineffectual to convict him of so heinous a charge as murder. The victim in this case was an old woman, living alone, with a considerable amount of money in her bed-chamber. A neighbor calling upon her one morning at eleven o'clock, found the house shut up, and no appearance of anybody about. Being alarmed, she got through a window into the dwelling, and ascending into the sleeping-room, found the poor creature in her bed, quite dead, the back of her head having been beaten in no doubt by means of a large hammer lying close by—and her head nearly severed from her body. An alarm was immediately given; an inquest was held, and the police were soon in active pursuit after the murderer.

It was not very long before suspicion fell upon H——. Footsteps had been noticed round the house, which coincided with the impress of the boots he wore; the hammer found near the murdered woman's bed, was declared by a neighbor to have been seen in his possession; a little girl had observed him come from near the house on the morning in question; but more than all, in a brook about a mile from the dwelling where the murder was committed, was found a cotton handkerchief, and tightly rolled up in it a razor, covered with blood, which was identified as belonging to the prisoner.

This razor, together with the handkerchief, was conveyed immediately to a clever microscopist in London, who, after examination, returned them both with the intelligence, that the blood upon them was certainly human. The case then seemed complete against the prisoner, and at the next assizes he was placed upon his trial. One question, however, had yet to be disposed of. Assuming that the razor and handkerchief belonged to the prisoner, and that the blood upon them was human, how was it to be shown that they were connected with *this* murder, they having been found more than a mile from the house in which it was committed? The microscope at once gave a conclusive answer to this difficulty. Upon the blade of the razor, when carefully examined with a high power, there was found beside the blood a few fibres, which were distinctly sworn to as being a mixture of flax and cotton, the fibres of these two products being perfectly distinguishable the one from the other by means of the microscope—a fact well known to all who take any interest in the purity of *linen*. On examining the murdered body, it was discovered that the instrument with which the wound was made had partially severed one of the strings of the poor woman's nightcap, and that the material forming that string was composed of a mixture of cotton and flax! A more convincing proof of the prisoner's guilt could scarcely have been desired. There was, however, one remaining link—the identity of the handkerchief and razor. Only two people could supply this—the father and the sister of the prisoner. Before the magistrates, the old man had reluctantly admitted that both were his son's; but when he saw his son before him in the dock, looking upon him with entreating eyes, as the arbiter of life or death, the old man's courage gave way, and he declared that he could identify neither the one nor the other; so also said the sister; and thus, after all, the jury were reluctantly obliged to acquit the prisoner. To him, however, I may incidentally mention, this was of little avail. Scouted from village to village, H—— vainly solicited either employment or charity; and two months after his acquittal, he was found lying dead under a hedge, from—as a coroner's jury subsequently declared—"starvation."

In both these cases, then, the microscope gave the most important help towards establishing the guilt of the prisoners; and it is worthy of remark, that the peculiar value of the assistance afforded by the instrument lay, not so much in the discovery of blood in the one case, and of blood and certain fibres in the other, as in showing conclusively the particular kind of blood and description of fibre. If, on the knife of Munroe, the microscope had said only that there was blood, the tale would have been worth but little, living as the prisoner did in a country village, where twenty different operations might have brought that fluid upon his knife and clothes; but when the fact was revealed that that blood was *human*, it of course afforded a very strong proof of the guilt of the accused. So with the vegetable fibres on the razor; as fibres simply they might have come even from off the handkerchief in which the razor was wrapped; but being partly cotton and partly flax, the case assumed a very different aspect.

The value of this peculiar *discriminating* power of the microscope was remarkably illustrated in a very curious case tried a few years ago at Norwich. A female child about nine years old was found one morning lying upon the ground, in a small plantation, quite dead; the cause of death being at once denoted by a large and deep gash in the throat, severing both of the carotid arteries, the trachea and the œsophagus. Suspicion immediately fell upon the mother of the murdered girl, who had been seen by more than one person leading her daughter towards the plantation on the morning of the day upon which the crime was presumed to have been committed.

Upon being taken into custody, the woman behaved with the utmost coolness—at once admitted having taken her child to the plantation where the body was found; but averred, that having arrived there, the girl ran about gathering wild-flowers; that she subsequently lost sight of her, and after a long search, returned home without her. Upon being searched, there was found in the woman's possession a large and sharp knife, which was at once subjected to a minute and careful examination. Nothing, however, was found upon it, with the exception of a few pieces of hair adhering to the handle, so exceedingly small as scarcely to be visible. The examination being conducted in the presence of the prisoner, and the officer remarking: "Here is a bit of fur or hair on the handle of your knife," the woman immediately replied: "Yes; I daresay there is, and very likely some stains of blood, for, as I came home, I found a rabbit caught in a snare, and cut its throat with the knife." The knife was sent to London, and with the particles of hair, subjected to a microscopic examination. No traces of blood could at first be detected upon the weapon, which appeared to have been washed; but upon separating the horn handle from its iron lining, it was found that between the two a fluid had penetrated, which turned out to be blood, *certainly* not the blood of a rabbit, but bearing every resemblance to that of the human body. Then came the examination of the hair, which added powerfully to the presumption of the prisoner's guilt. Without knowing anything of the facts of the case, the microscopist immediately declared the hair to be that of a *squirrel*—in this he could not be mistaken, for the fur of one animal differs so entirely from that of another, not only in its size, color, &c., but in its actual construction, that it is altogether impossible to mistake it when under the microscope. Now, round the neck of the child, at the time of the murder, there was a tippet or "victorine," over which the knife, by whomever held, must have glided; and this victorine was made of *squirrel's fur!*

The strong circumstantial evidence of the guilt of the prisoner was deemed by the jury sufficient for a conviction, and whilst awaiting execution, the wretched woman fully confessed her crime.

After such proofs as these, which are but a sample of a hundred others that might, if necessary, be adduced of the value of scientific evidence in judicial investigation, we can hardly imagine any one to be bold enough to deny the utility or importance of such evidence; yet we are aware that the question must continually occur to many—"How did our forefathers manage to bring offenders to justice without the use of microscope, chemical analysis, or anything of the kind?" Why, the fact is, that crimes, in the times of our forefathers, were mostly committed in a very bungling manner, and very slight proofs of guilt were held to be sufficient to secure a conviction. Before the recent improvements in microscopic science, there was, for instance, no direct means of ascertaining whether a stain was caused by blood or by any other fluid. Chemistry, indeed, within the last twenty years, afforded a somewhat delicate and circuitous means of detection, but after all, a very unsatisfactory one—simply detecting the presence of a peculiar body called hematosine, the coloring matter of the blood, without the slightest intimation as to whether it was the blood of man or of any inferior animal.

Then came the revelations of the microscope, continually more and more delicate. First it was shown, as we have before said, that the blood of every description of animal is composed of a countless number of minute globules, mostly of a red color, floating in a colorless fluid. Subsequently, it was discovered that these globules, in the class mammalia, are uniformly of a circular form, not spherical, but disks, the thickness of which equalled about one-fourth of the diameter; while in birds, fishes, and reptiles, they are of an *oval* form; and last of all, the remarkable discovery was made, that every kind of animal has in its blood globules differing in size from those of any other kind.

Nothing, indeed, was so much wanted in medical jurisprudence as a safe and certain detection of blood-stains; for several other substances so exactly simulated them, as to be mistaken even by eminent professional men. Orange or lemon juice left upon a knife, or other piece of iron, will in a few days produce a stain so nearly resembling that caused by blood, as to deceive the most careful observer; and not many years ago, in Paris, a man was very nearly convicted of murder, owing to a knife being found in his possession, stained with what was pronounced by several witnesses to be blood, but afterwards discovered to be simply *lime-juice*.

So, again, with the stains of paint formed from the red oxide of iron. About fifteen years ago, a person was found murdered in Islington. Suspicion falling upon a particular individual, he was arrested, and in his possession was found a sack having upon it many stains declared to be dried coagulated blood. These stains were carefully and chemically examined by Professor Graham, who proved them to be red paint containing "peroxide of iron:" and the sack was ultimately found to have been worn as an apron by a young man apprenticed to a paper-stainer. The accused was immediately discharged.

Now, in both these cases, the microscope would instantly have declared the stains not to be due to the presence of blood. But our ancestors, without the aid of chemical or microscopical investigation, would most certainly have considered them to be strong and incontrovertible evidences of the guilt of the accused; and who shall say how many have unjustly suffered at a time when ill-grounded suspicion and assertion could not be negatived by an appeal to the evidence which the various improvements in science will now permit us to invoke.

It ought, however, to be borne in mind, that the microscope, and similar scientific instruments, do not in any way enable us to dispense with the testimony of learned men in criminal cases, but rather serve to render such evidence more valuable; for although it is very true that the revelations made by so simple an instrument as a piece of tube some nine or ten inches long, with a few glasses at either end, are sufficient in many cases to send a man to the gallows; yet the tale such an instrument tells, can be understood only by those who, by long observation and experience, have learned the "language" in which it is told.

Honor, then, be ascribed to the men whose skill and patience have placed such an instrument at our disposal; greater honor to those who, by long years of laborious investigation, are able to understand the revelations daily brought before them; but the greatest honor of all to those—happily for us, there are many such in the present generation—who, abandoning the, to many people, unintelligible jargon of technical words and learned phrases, in which everything relating to science was formerly clothed, are content to interpret, in plain and unmistakable language, the as plain and unmistakable tale which the microscope and other means of scientific investigation enable them to disclose.

CAST-IRON SLEEPERS FOR RAILROADS.

The above figure represents the cast-iron sleepers for railroads, invented by H. Greaves, of England. About 400 miles of it have been laid down on various roads in France, Belgium, and England, and the inventor states they have been perfectly successful.

A permanent way of cast-iron has been attempted a number of times, and by various persons, always resulting in failure; one, therefore, said to be successful, must be of interest to every railroad company in the world, because the material is almost indestructible, as it does not decay like wood, and therefore does not cost such immense sums for constant repairs.

The form of the sleepers is semi-spherical, which thus admits of the smallest amount of metal for a given strength. Those intended to receive the tie-bars are cast with an opening through them, and the ties have but to be keyed to secure the rails firmly at the proper distance apart. These sleepers, by this method of tying them are suitable for any gauge, and allow of the rails being laid with remarkable facility. The chairs to receive the rails are so formed as to allow of the removal of a defective or worn out rail without disturbing the sleeper. The oscillation of rails causes the wear and tear of locomotives and cars, but these sleepers are stated to preserve the rails perfectly firm, and are not liable to spring like wooden ones. As these sleepers have a broad base, they tend to impart solidity to the whole track. The rails are fastened in the chairs with wooden keys; each sleeper weighs 100 pounds, and is buried a considerable distance in the ground, and with its great breadth of surface tends to prevent all lateral motion.

The above figure is copied from the London *Engineer*; it was accompanied with a communication from the inventor, Mr. Greaves, who, naturally, extols his invention highly.

TAILING THE BULL.

FROM "THE WHITE CHIEF, A LEGEND OF NORTH MEXICO."
BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

The first exhibition on the programme was to be the *coleo de toros*, which may be rendered in English as "tailing the bull." It is only in the large cities of Mexico where a regular *plaza de toros*, or arena for the bull fight, is to be found; but in every village, however insignificant, the sport of bull-tailing may be witnessed, as this only requires an open plain, and as wild a bull as can be procured. The sport is not quite so exciting as the bull fight, as it is less perilous to those engaged in it. Not unfrequently, however, a gored horse or a mutilated rider is produced by the coleo; and fatal accidents have occurred at times. The horses, too, sometimes stumble, and both horse and rider are trampled by the others crowding from behind, so that in the pell-mell-drive awkward accidents are anything but uncommon. The coleo is, therefore, a game of strength, courage, and skill; and to excel in it is an object of high ambition among the youth of a New Mexican settlement.

The arrangements having been completed, it was announced by a herald that the coleo was about to begin. These arrangements were simple enough, and consisting in collecting the crowd to one side, so that the bull, when let loose, would have a clear track before him in the direction of the open country. Should he not be allowed this favor he might head *towards* the crowd—a thing to be apprehended. In fear of this, most of the women are seen mounting into the rude *carretas*, [rude carts drawn by oxen,] scores of which were upon the ground, having carried their owners to the spectacle. Of course the senoras and senoritas on the raised benches felt secure.

The competitors were now drawn up in a line. There were a dozen detailed for this first race—young men of all classes, who were, or fancied themselves, "crack" riders. There were rancheros in their picturesque attire, smart arreiros, miners from the hills, townsmen, haciendados of the valley, vaqueros from the grazing farms, and ciboleros, whose home is for the most part on the wild prairies. Several dragoons, too, were arrayed with the rest, eager to prove their superiority in the *manege* of the horse.

At a given signal the bull was brought forth from a neighboring *corral* [a cattle pen.] He was not led by men afoot,—that would have been a dangerous undertaking. His conductors were well-mounted vaqueros, who, with their lazoes around his horns, were ready, in case of his showing symptoms of mutiny, to fling him to the earth by a jerk.

A vicious looking brute he appeared, with shaggy frontlet, and scowling lurid eye. It was plain that it only needed a little goading to make him a still more terrible object; for he already swept his tail angrily against his flanks, tossed his long straight horns in the air, snorted sharply, and beat the turf at intervals with his hoofs. He was evidently one of the fiercest of a fierce race—the race of Spanish bulls.

Every eye was fixed upon him with interest, and the spectators freely commented upon his qualities. Some thought him too fat, others alleged that he was just in the condition to make a good run—as in the coleo, speed, not courage, is the desirable quality. This difference of opinions led to the laying of numerous wagers on the result,—that is, the time that should elapse from the start until the bull should be "tailed" and "thrown." The throwing of the bull, of course, ends the chase.

When it is considered that the brute selected is one of the strongest, swiftest and fiercest of its kind, and that no weapon—not even the lazo—is allowed, it will be admitted this is a matter of no easy accomplishment. The animal goes at the full run, almost as fast as the horse can gallop; and to bring him to the ground under these circumstances requires the performance of a feat, and one that demands skill, strength, and the best of horsemanship. That feat is to seize the bull's tail, *pass it under one of his hind legs*, and then jerk him over upon his back!

The bull was led out some two hundred yards beyond the line of horsemen, where he was halted, with his head turned towards the open plain. The lazoes, that held him by a leash-knot, were cautiously slipped, two or three fire-squibs, pointed and barbed, were shot into his hips, and away he went amidst the yells of the spectators!

Next moment the riders spurred after, each shouting in his own fashion.

Soon the line was broken, and a confused spread of horsemen, like a "field of fox-hunters," was seen scouring over the plain. Each moment the troop became elongated, until what had started in line was now strung out in double and single file to a length of several yards. Still on they went, whipping and spurring, and urging their steeds to the utmost.

The bull, maddened by the arrowy squibs, and terrified by their hissing, ran at the top of his speed in a nearly direct line. The start he had been allowed was not so easily taken up, even by fast riders, and he had got a full mile or more before any one neared him. Then a dragoon, mounted on a large bay horse, was seen pressing him closely, and at length laying hold of the tail. He was observed to give it a jerk or two, as though endeavoring to fling the brute by sheer strength. It was a failure, however, for the next moment the bull shot out in a side direction, and left his pursuer behind.

A young haciendado, splendidly horsed, was next upon his flanks; but each time he reached forth to grasp the tail it was whisked beyond his reach. He succeeded at length in seizing it, but the bull, making a sudden lurch, whipped his tail from the rider's hands, and left him also in the rear.

One condition of the "coleo" was, that each competitor, after having once failed, should retire from the ground; so that the haciendado and the dragoon were now actually *hors de chasse*.

These were seen riding back, though not directly in front of the spectators. They preferred making a roundabout thing of it so that their fallen faces might not be too closely scanned on their return.

On went the bull, and after him the eager and excited horsemen. Another dragoon soon tried his "pluck," and also failed; and then a vaquero, and another horseman, and another with like success—each failure being hailed with a groan by the crowd. There were several tumbles, too, at which the spectators laughed heartily; and one horse was badly gored, having headed the bull and got entangled upon his horns.

In less than ten minutes, eleven out of the twelve competitors were seen returning from the chase.

Only one now remained to make his trial. The bull had proved a splendid fellow, and was already in high favor, and loudly applauded by the spectators.

"*Bravo, toro! bravissimo,*" was heard on all sides.

All eyes were now turned upon the enraged animal and his remaining pursuer. Both were still near enough to be well observed, for the chase had led hitherto, not in one line, but in different directions over the plain; so that the bull was actually no farther from the crowd than when first overtaken by the dragoon. He was at this moment running in a cross course, so that every movement of both pursuer and pursued could be well observed from the stand.

At the first glance it was plain that the bull had now behind him the handsomest horse and horseman upon the field—would they prove the best? That was to be tried.

The horse was a large coal-black *mustang*, with a long full tail, pointed at the tip, and carried like the brush of a hunting fox. Even while in gallop, his neck slightly curved, and his proud figure, displayed against the smooth sward, called forth expressions of admiration.

The rider was a young man of twenty or over; and his light curling hair and white-red complexion distinguished him from all his competitors—who were, without exception, dark skinned men. He was dressed in full ranchero costume, with its rich broidery and trappings; and instead of the usual "serape," he wore a purple *manga*—a more graceful as well as costlier garment. The long skirts of this he had flung behind him, in order to have his arms free; and its folds opening to the breeze, added to the gracefulness of his carriage in the saddle.

The sudden appearance of this splendid horseman—for, hanging in the rear with folded manga, he seemed not to have been noticed before, caused unusual attention, and many were heard inquiring his name.

"*Carlos, the cibolero!*" cried a voice, loud enough to satisfy all at once.

Some evidently knew who "Carlos, the cibolero" was, though by far the greater number on the ground did not. Of the former, one was heard inquiring,

"Why hasn't he come up before? He could have done so, if he had wished."

"*Carrambo!** yes," added another. "He might have done so. He only hung back to give the others a trial. He knew none of them could throw *that* bull. *Mira!*"

The speaker's conjecture was, no doubt, correct.

It was plain, at first sight, that this rider could easily overtake the bull. His horse was still in a gentle gallop, and though his ears were set and his red nostrils staring open, it was only through the excitement of the chase, and chafing at being hitherto checked. The bridle rein was, in fact, still tightly drawn.

As the speaker uttered the cautionary phrase "*Mira!*" a change was suddenly observed in the manner of the horseman. He was about twenty paces from the chase, and directly in the rear. All at once his horse sprang forward at double his former speed, and in a few stretches laid himself alongside the bull. The rider was observed to grasp the out-stretched tail, and then lean forward and downward. The next moment he raised himself with a sudden jerk, and the huge horned creature turned sprawling upon his back. The whole thing seemed to cost him no more effort than if the bull had been a tom-cat. Loud "*vivas!*" broke from the spectators, and the victorious horseman rode back in front of the stand, modestly bowed his thanks, and then retired into the depths of the crowd.

* A mild exclamation. "*Carrajo,*" is less delicate. The former is often pronounced by ladies. The latter is the shibboleth of the lowest vulgar. *Mira!* (behold!) *Bravo! Viva!* expressions of applause.

The Fable of the Wandering Jew.—The legend of a Jew ever wandering and never dying, even from the crucifixion of Jesus to this day, has spread over many European countries. The accounts, however, as in all fables, do not agree. One version is this: When Jesus was led to death, oppressed by the weight of the cross, He wished to rest Himself a little near the gate before the house of a shoemaker named Ahasuerus. This man, however, sprang forth and thrust Him away. Jesus turned towards him saying, 'I shall rest, but thou shalt move on until I return.' And from that time he has no rest, and is obliged incessantly to wander about." Another version is that given by Mathias Parisiensis, a monk of the thirteenth century: "When Jesus was led from the tribunal of Pilatus to death, the doorkeeper, named Cartaflius, pushed Him from behind with his feet, saying, 'Walk on Jesus, quickly, why dost Thou tarry?' Jesus looked at him gravely and said, 'I walk on, but thou shalt tarry till I come.' And this man, still alive, wanders from place to place in constant dread from the wrath to come." A third legend adds that this wandering Jew falls sick every hundred years, but recovers and renews his strength; hence it is that even after so many centuries he does not look much older than a septuagenarian. Thus far the legends. Not one of the ancient authors makes even mention of such an account. The first who reports some such thing is a monk of the thirteenth century, when, as is known, the world was filled to disgust with pious fictions. However, the story has spread far, so that it has become a proverb, "He runs about like a wandering Jew." There are not wanting persons who assert to have even seen the wandering Jew. But when their evidence is examined by the test of historical credulity, it is found that some impostor had made use of this fable to impose upon simple-minded people for some purpose of his own. However, the legend is not altogether untrue; there is a wandering Jew who roves about Europe, throughout every country. This imperishable being is—prejudice against the Jews. —*Jewish Chronicle.*

Popular Delusions.—That a man can write a readable article before he understands grammar, punctuation, or the art of preparing MS. for the press.

That we elevate ourselves by attempting to bring down and depreciate those who are above us.

That other people and their private affairs ever form the great staple of conversation among refined and properly educated people.

That a girl of fifteen can make up for her general ignorance by incessant gabble.

That the having made a fortune is enough to entitle a man to respect.

That it is in good taste to wear jewelry in profusion at breakfast or dinner.

That a moustache indicates want of brains.

That the greatest talkers are the greatest thinkers.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

The Report of the Secretary of the Treasury embraces, besides the regular material of such reports, a review of the financial policy of Mr. Pierce's Administration:

During the last fiscal year, the receipts into the treasury were $73,918,141 16, being in excess of the estimate, which was $67,919,784 26. With the balance in the treasury from the previous year, the aggregate of available funds amounted to $82,850,117 47. The expenditures of the year reached $72,948,720 02, being in excess of the estimate, which was $71,226,846 91. The balance in the treasury at the close of the year was $19,901,325 45, against a previous estimate of $15,023,863 36. The actual and estimated receipts of the current year reach pretty much the same figure as above, and calculate on a balance of $22,345,222 81 being in the treasury on the 30th of June, 1857.

The national debt which, on the advent of the Administration, was $69,127,037 27, and was subsequently increased by the sum of $2,750,000 to liquidate the Texas debt, giving a total of $71,877,037 has since been reduced to the sum of $30,963,909 64. In addition, however, we have a liability, under Indian treaties, amounting to $21,066,501 36, which, as it becomes payable, constitutes an item of annual expenditure, and is estimated for by the Interior Department.

Much of the report is speculative on the demand and supply of various kinds of goods, and the progressive domestic product of the various kinds referred to: all, of course, having reference to the Secretary's views in favor of a reduction of the tariff on imports, which he again presses upon the attention of Congress. He especially favors the removal of the duties on wool and other raw materials.

The annual tonnage statement shows an aggregate of 840,349 maritime tonnage, which is less than the previous yearly statement. But this is accounted for from the fact of there having been a thorough revision of the records of former years, the correction of errors, etc. The revised statements of former years show a regular progressive increase with our commerce and population.

The total gold and silver coinage of the U. S. Mint, since its establishment in 1793, has been $549,341,914 14; and the entire import of gold and silver since 1820 has been $293,505,743, and the export $43,587,354; there being no account of the imports and exports prior to 1820.

There are 1808 State banks, with a chartered capital of $344,000,000, and a circulation of nearly $200,000,000. The Secretary does not deem it desirable to dispense with them, but says that the smaller denominations of notes should be withdrawn. The Superintendent of the Mint estimates the gold and silver remaining in the country at $200,000,000, while the Secretary estimates it at $250,000,000. The report devotes much space to the consideration of currency, banking, and kindred matters.

POST OFFICE REPORT.

It appears from the Postmaster General's Report that the number of post-offices in the Union on the 30th of June last, was 25,062. Of these, 389 have an income of over $1,000 per annum, and the Postmasters are appointed by the President, subject to the confirmation of the Senate. The total compensation of Postmasters was, for the last fiscal year, $2,162,890. The number of mail route contractors was 6,872; of mail agents, 834, and of mail messengers, 1,108. The mail was carried over 20,323 miles by railroad, over 14,951 miles in steamboats, over 50,453 miles in coaches, and over 153,915 miles by inferior conveyances. The cost of transportation for each mile travelled is, by railroad, 10·6 cents; by steamboat, 20·6 cents; by coach, about 7 cents, and by inferior conveyances, nearly 8 cents per mile. The total cost of mail transportation for the current year, including the salaries of agents and messengers, but excluding the ocean service, is $6,576,128.

The Postmaster-General renews his complaint of the large amount paid to the Panama Railroad, amounting for the last fiscal year to $141,308, and for the first quarter of the current fiscal year to $14,308. He recommends an act limiting the amount to be paid for that service of $50,000, and an appropriation of $200,000 towards a semi-monthly mail, via Nicaragua and Tehuantepec, giving with the Panama route, a weekly mail to California.

The total expense of the Department for the last fiscal year was $10,405,286. The entire revenue, including the annual amount of $700,000 for mail service rendered the Government, was $7,620,821, showing a deficit of $2,787,046, which considerably exceeds the average of the preceding three years.

The expenditures of the current year are estimated at $10,658,678. The revenue at $9,901,784.

The abolition of the franking privilege is urged, or else that the Department be allowed to charge the government the ordinary rates on franked matter: also the abolition of the fifty per cent. deduction on the postage of periodicals paid in advance. With these changes, and the relief of the Department from the burden of the ocean mail service, the Postmaster-General thinks that his Department would support itself.

The Postmaster-General recommends that the ocean steamer mail service be diversified so as to make the termini at other cities as well as New York.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR.

The Secretary of the Interior's Report states the quantity of land surveyed since the last Report, and up to the 30th of September last, at 16,873,699 acres, exclusive of the school sections. The execution of the Graduation Act has raised many grave questions, which call for the interposition of Congress. He says it is an important matter, and should be promptly disposed of, either by sanctioning and approving the action of the Land Office, or directing the patents to be issued without written requirement.

The quantity of lands sold for cash during the fiscal year amounted to over nine and a quarter million acres, and the receipts therefor are $8,821,414. The total amount of land disposed of is over 39,000,000 acres.

He suggests the necessity of further power being granted to the Commissioner of Pensions to suspend, diminish and discontinue pensions when the reason for granting them has wholly or partially ceased.

The number of patents issued within the year will probably reach 2,600.

The Report says, that during the present Administration, 52 Indian Treaties have been negotiated, 20 of which remain to be acted upon by the Senate. By these Treaties, the Indian title has been extinguished to nearly 175,000,000 acres. The aggregate of money consideration paid therefor, is $11,084,203 89. The Indians within our borders are supposed to number about 300,000.

The process of the colonization of the Indians has already been attended with the happiest results, and gives promise of steady progress in the amelioration of their physical and moral condition.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF NAVY.

The Report of the Secretary of the Navy gives a detailed view of the operations of the Navy during the last year, and its present strength.—Among his recommendations are, for another squadron in the Pacific, rendered necessary by our extending commerce; for the adoption of the English and French system of gunnery on practice ships; and for the despatch of small steamers to survey the guano islands on which Commodore Mervine made an unsatisfactory report.—The Secretary regards the construction of the six war steamers as inaugurating a new era in the naval service, and repeats his former recommendations for building steam sloops of war of small draught. The sending out of seamen to relieve distant crews is spoken of as an experiment, and will be continued if it shall work well. The Secretary likewise recommends the employment of assistant pursers, with moderate compensations.

TERRIBLE SNOW STORM IN THE NORTH-WEST.—The storm of Tuesday, Dec. 2nd, was very severe along Lake Michigan. Many buildings were swept away, piers damaged, &c. In many places snow fell to the depth of six feet. The railroads were blocked up. The brigs Storm King and Algonah, and the schooner Welland, were all wrecked within sight of Milwaukee. All on board were saved. Several propellers from Buffalo are overdue, and fears are entertained for their safety. Many shattered vessels were arriving at Milwaukee.

WIT OF FRENCH RASCALS.—A trick was played off a few days ago at the Fair of Breaute (Seine Inferieure.) A well-dressed gentleman sauntering about with a valuable gold-headed cane in his hand, was stopped by a wretched looking man who dragged himself painfully along on crutches, and piteously implored charity. The gentleman, moved to compassion, generously gave the beggar a piece of silver. "How can you be so foolish," cried a man standing by, "that fellow is an impostor, and no more lame than you are. Just lend me your cane for a minute, and by means of a sound thrashing I will convince you of the truth of what I say." The gentleman mechanically let the man take the cane, and the beggar throwing down his crutches, ran off as fast as he could. The other, amidst roars of laughter from the by-standers, ran after him, menacing him with the cane, and so they ran a considerable distance, when they turned aside into the town, and were seen no more. The gentleman waited for some time, expecting to see the man return with his cane, but the expectation was in vain. It was then clear that the whole scene had been an affair concerted between a pair of adroit rogues. The gentleman had nothing for it but to walk home, feeling very foolish at having allowed himself to be so victimized.

APPLES AND THE DEMAND.—The Maine Farmer reports that the apple crop of that State, in common with that of other States, is very light, and good apples fetch a high price. The market price in Maine is from $1,50 to $3 a barrel, as to the quality, and the prospect is that they will command a still higher price.

The New York Journal of Commerce says that since it has been ascertained that there is a short crop of apples, not only at the West, but in the Eastern States, and throughout the country generally, the price of this fruit is enormously high. Greenings, retail at $5 per barrel; russets at $5, &c. It is probable that apples will be higher by the next holidays than for many years past, at that time.

Respecting apples which have been exported, the accounts are favorable. Instead of the total export being some 8,000 or 10,000 barrels, as estimated early in the season, the amount will probably be nearer 20,000. The excessive exportation, taken in connection with the fact that the fruit has not kept well, has made the shipment of apples during the past season unprofitable, and in some cases the Journal understands that shippers have experienced a loss of something like two dollars per barrel.

NEGRO PLOT IN TENNESSEE.—Nashville, Friday, Dec. 5, 1856.—A plot for the rising of the negroes in this State has been detected, and caused a great excitement in Montgomery county, where it was first discovered.

It is alleged that Christmas eve had been fixed upon for the rising, and the most extensive arrangements had been made to carry it out successfully.

One white man has been arrested, together with a great many negroes, including many of the generals, captains, and other officers of the proposed movement. Several of them have made full confessions.

A large collection of arms and ammunition has been seized. The church at Louisa Furnace has been undermined, and powder placed beneath it, ready to be blown up when fired with people.

The plot, it is believed, extends over a wide range of territory south and west. There is an extra patrol on duty every night at Clarksville, and every housekeeper is well armed and prepared for any emergency.

BOLD ROGUERY.—The police of Pittsburg, Pa., on the evening of Dec. 1st, arrested two suspicious characters, who represented themselves as Lord Arthur John Hudson and Sir Charles Miller. Although stopping at one of the most common taverns in the city, they succeeded in impressing several citizens, mechanics and tradesmen with an idea of their importance, and whom they have bled to considerable amounts during the fortnight they have been here. They represented that they had £40,000 in deposit with a Pittsburg broker, but, doubting his stability they bought an expensive safe for the security of their imaginary treasure. Lord John had bought a farm, well stocked, for $17,000, and the deeds were drawn up, ready for the consummation of the bargain, when it was discovered that they were penniless swindlers. They were arrested in the presence of the parson and the wedding guests during the progress of the marriage of one of the parties with their landlord's daughter.

DEATH OF A GENIUS IN HUMBLE LIFE.—Mr. Geo. Troup Wells, of Ythan, Forgue, who was born in 1774, died on the 24th ult. At the age of ten he entered upon the world as a farm servant. When about fifteen, he took a strong desire for the study of astronomy, and often went into the fields at night to study the motion of the stars. He made a globe for himself of clay, dried it in the sun, pasted it round with paper, and delineated thereon a map of the world. The meridian ring and horizon were of wood, made with his knife, and after having got it graduated, he was enabled with great exactness to calculate the eclipses of the sun and moon, also the changes of the moon throughout the year, to hours, minutes and seconds. About the age of thirty, George bound himself as an apprentice to a mason, and it was while following that occupation that he learned the art of dialing, an art in which we question if ever he was excelled by any dialist in the north of Scotland.

A DIAMOND MISTAKE.—The New York Mining Magazine states, that during a lecture on Mineralogy, at the Truro Institution, England, Capt. Mahmoud, as an instance of the practical importance of being able to ascertain the scale of hardness of minerals, related a circumstance that occurred to a gold-digger. When working at the diggings he found a rock crystal, and thinking it was a large diamond, he immediately left his work and went home. He invited a friend to take tea with him, and produced the supposed diamond on the tea-table. His friend offered £200 for it, which the digger refused to take. He made his voyage to England, and on arriving in London went to a mineral dealer, and offered him the precious stone for sale. The dealer, however, on trying its hardness, found that it was only common quartz, and after convincing the digger of his mistake, he gave him a few shillings for it on account of its beauty.

PROFITABLE LECTURING.—The London Times says that M. Kossuth realized £3,000 sterling by his series of lectures in Scotland last season, and that he has received 80 invitations for winter lectures in Great Britain.

IT IS SAID PROTESTANTISM is gaining ground in France rapidly. The Protestants in Havre number now three thousand, with a moving population of one thousand at least. They have four schools, with four hundred pupils. Two churches are insufficient, and a third is about being erected to accommodate two thousand. In Marseilles, there are five thousand Protestant church attendants, and in other departments, where a few years since the Reformed religion was unknown, flourishing churches are now to be found.

THE JENNINGS FORTUNE.—The Richmond Whig states that the result of late developments in searching the genealogical tree of this family, is anything but flattering, and precludes all hope of any share in the great English estate. Bishop Meade, who has been collecting materials for a history of the Episcopal church in Virginia, finds that the Jennings family, like the Bolling, is of Indian descent, and traces them back through many generations to Woolly-hoo-hoo, (signifying big drink,) an Indian Chief, or Bab-a-chee-ta, who exercised sovereignty over a very large tribe of Indians south of James River. Woolly-hoo-hoo was the son of Grandgraname, so celebrated in Burke's history of Virginia, a character unequalled in these latter days of refinement and civilization.

A CALIFORNIA PAPER says that a man, named Wirzen, a Swede, who has recently been exhibiting a number of rattlesnakes in various parts of the State, and who fancied he had acquired a power over them which would prevent them from biting him, was severely bitten by one of them upon the finger, at Sacramento, a few days since. He immediately drank four bottles of brandy, and went to bed in a state of stupefaction. He is still in a critical condition, his whole arm being terribly inflamed. He thinks he will recover, and says he is satisfied that the snake did not intend to bite him, and that if he does recover, he shall continue his experiments and exhibitions. While confined to his bed, he has a young rattlesnake with him all the time.

THE DOG THAT WOULDN'T EMIGRATE.—A short time since several families left Provincetown to locate in Eastern Virginia. They took along with them a large and noble dog, of the Newfoundland species. While on their passage to Boston in a small schooner, the dog broke loose, leaped into the sea, and started on his long and weary passage home. He was seen and passed by one of our packets, near night, about five miles off Race Point, and nine from this town, heading for the Race Light, nobly breasting the waves, often covered by the spray.

The next morning, at an early hour, and before the family had arisen, Mr. James Doyle, to whom the dog was much attached, hearing an unusual noise at his door, arose, opened it, and was astonished to behold the noble fugitive. Mr. D. says when he opened the door the dog arose, placed his great paws upon his shoulders, and fairly embraced him, giving such demonstrations of joy as he never believed any animal could exhibit.

In what part of the Bay he left his master, and the distance he must have swam, in a rough sea, are not now known, but when seen he was five miles from land.

This is the fourth time an attempt has been made to carry off this dog, and in every instance he has managed to leave in his passage to Boston, and return by swimming home. The noble animal should now be adopted by the town, have the "freedom of the city," and a pension for life. —*Provincetown Banner.*

SUICIDE OF A SPIRITUALIST.—Mr. John B. Fairbank, a well known patent agent, who had an office with Messrs. Fowler & Wells, Phrenologists, in Broadway, near Duane street, New York, committed suicide on Nov. 20th, by jumping out of the fifth-story window of the Tremont House, corner of Sixth Avenue and Fortieth street.

The deceased appears to have received a severe shock some time ago from the loss of a dear sister, superadded to the unfortunate termination of a love affair. He had been investigating the subject of spiritualism, become firmly convinced of its truthfulness, and took frequent occasion to converse with the family on the subject, and attempted to bring them over to his views. He attended all the spiritual meetings in the city, and read all the works on the subject he could get hold of. He firmly believed that departed spirits attend the living constantly, influencing their actions, and infusing their superior thoughts and ideas into the human mind. But he suffered from frequent fits of depression, which finally, it is thought, made him insane, and impelled him to self-destruction.

NEW IMPROVEMENT OF WELLS.—An important improvement upon the usual method of obtaining water for irrigation and domestic purposes, has recently been introduced in this city, by means of which a constant and inexhaustible supply of pure water may be obtained at a trifling expense. It consists, simply, in the sinking of a shaft by means of a two-inch auger attached to light bars of iron, with other apparatus for pumping, drilling, &c., similar to that employed in boring the Artesian well upon the public square. It requires but the labor of a few hours with this apparatus to reach a depth of fifty feet, whence can be obtained a supply of water that cannot be exhausted by constant pumping. There are seven of these wells in this city, in successful operation.—*Stockton (California) Argus.*

NOBLE CONDUCT.—A gentleman who died in Botetourt county, Va., a few months ago, devised his entire property, estimated at $10,000, to one of his sisters, and after his death, she destroyed his will, and divided his property equally between a brother, sister and herself. The New York Mirror says a similar case occurred a short time since in New Haven. A gentleman died there leaving his estate, amounting to several hundred thousand dollars, to a married daughter, and cutting off his sons with a trifling sum. The daughter, with the full concurrence of her husband, destroyed her father's will, as in the above case, and divided her inheritance with her brothers, reserving to herself only one equal share.

FUNNY.—The Springfield Republican says:—"There is a great war over a small chicken in Palmer. Several weeks since, A. M. Butterfield sued Amasa Holden for stealing a six weeks' old chicken, and had him convicted on his (Butterfield's) testimony that he saw him place the chicken under his coat and make off. The convicted man then turned upon his accuser, and charged him with perjury, in swearing that he had a coat on, when in fact he was coatless, and this charge was sustained by the justice of the peace in authority. Holden and Butterfield have appealed from their respective convictions, and the lawyers will doubtless make the best of the lucky bone thus given for their picking.

THE RECALL OF COL. WHEELER, Minister to Nicaragua, it is said, has been decided on, in consequence of his unauthorized recognition of Walker's Government. Since confirmed.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET.

Some 1800 Beef Cattle have been offered at the different yards this week, principally at the Bull's Head and Torbert's. Most of the supplies were from our own State, including some few Ohio and Virginia Cattle. The quality was fair, and prices were well supported and firm, ranging at from $7 to $9 the 100 lbs net, and $8 at gross. Among the sales are:

109 Virginia, by T. Gillespie, at	$8@8
60 " by Rathway & Co. at	8@8½
120 Chester Co., Kimball & Co. at	8
90 Delaware Co., J. Holmes, at	8@8½
60 Chester Co., Kimball & Turner, at	9@9½
80 Virginia, J. Coenran, at	8@8½
150 Penn., Abrams & Hickman, at	8 @8½
120 " Forrest & Kennedy, at	8 @8½
120 Ohio and Penn., by different persons, at	8 @9

The receipts of Hogs were about 2600, and all at market sold from 6 @6½ net, according to quality.

Of Cows and Calves about 200 were at market, sales ranging at from $20 to $60, according to condition, strong dull. The Sheep and Lambs brought to market about 7000, most of which sold at prices ranging from $2,50 to $4,50 each, according to quality.

NEW YORK MARKET.

FLOUR—The demand for Western Canal is quite active, and prices of the lower grades are 5 cents better, with some speculative inquiry at the close. The arrivals are moderate, and as the stock is much less than at the same time last week, prices have an upward inclination. The better grades are in fair request and steady. The sales are 11,000 bbls at $6,15@6,40 for common to good superfine State; $6,35@6,75 for extra State; $6,80@7,20 for superfine Indiana and Iowa; $6,85@7,10 for common to fair extra Ohio; $7,15@7,25 for fair to very choice extra Ohio; $6,90@7,30 for St Louis brands, and $7,40@8,50 for extra Genesee.

Canadian Flour is rather heavy and more plenty. Sales of 300 bbls $6,45@6,70 for superfine, and $7@7,25 for extra brands. Southern Flour is without important change; the arrivals are light, and the demand limited. Sales 2400 bbls at $6,90@7,35 for mixed to good superfine, Baltimore, &c., $7,50@8,25 for fancy and extra brands. Rye Flour is steady, the demand moderate; sales at $5,50@5,75 for fine and superfine. Corn Meal is quiet at $3,35 for Jersey, and $3,75 for Brandywine. Buckwheat Flour is in demand at $4,12½@4,25 @ 196 lbs.

GRAIN—A brisk demand for Wheat for export, and we notice a fair milling inquiry, and with light receipts prices are 2c better, and the tendency is still upward, the decline in freights favoring the upward inclination. The sales reach 80,000 bush, embracing 12,000 bush prime white Southern at $1,70; 15,000 do prime red Illinois (winter,) at $1,54; 10,000 do white Canadian at $1,52@1,71; 7000 do Canadian (subject private terms); 7000 do red Barley (spring) at $1,38; 2000 do choice red Indiana at $1,48; 25,000 do Milwaukee club at $1,50@1,49; and 11,000 do Chicago spring at $1,38@1,37. Rye is firm and in good demand; sales of 7000 bush at 90c. Barley is quiet at $1,25@1,30. Corn is in moderate request for the home trade mainly, and is lower; the sales are 34,000 bush at 69@70c for Western mixed; the inside price is asked. The ice Southern yellow, and 75c for white.

MOLASSES—Very little has been done; prices are firm. Sales of 50 hhds and 30 bbls Cuba Muscovado at 30c. A new crop New Orleans has yet been sold here. An invoice of 42 bbls, the first received, still remains unsold, and is firmly held at $1 40 gallon.

HOPS—The market is rather unsettled. We notice sales of 50 bales at 16c for good 1st casts. Olds are dull and nominal.

WHISKEY—The demand for this "staple" is brisk, and prices are higher; sales of 700 bbls at 28½@29c.

PROVISIONS—Our Pork market is heavy, dull and lower, the arrivals fair, with considerable offering to arrive. The sales are 700 bbls at $13@13,62½ for old mess; $13,50@13,87½ for new do, and $17@17,37½ for new Prime—including 600 bbls mess to arrive in January, on private terms. Beef is firm and in fair demand, with 1000 bbls at $6,50@7,25 for country prime; $9,50@10 for do mess; $10@11,50 for old repacked mess; $12@13,50 for new repacked Chicago. Bacon is firm and in fair demand; sales of 1500 boxes long rib'd middles, and 500 boxes Cumberland cut, deliverable at Baltimore in January, at 9c, free on board, and 700 boxes long do do on the spot at 10c.

OILS—The demand for all kinds is quite limited for the moment. English Linseed is inactive, but holders are generally firm in their views, the nominal price is 85c. net, but buyers refuse to go on at this rate. American is in moderate demand, and prices are somewhat irregular, varying from 81 to 84 cents net cash, as to lots. Crude Whale is rather quiet, but prices are nominally the same, buyers being indifferent; sellers awaiting more accurate information from the vessels in the North Pacific. Crude Sperm is steady and in moderate request, and the indications seem to be that prices have touched bottom. Lard Oil is in fair demand. We note further sales of 12,000 gallons No 2 at 70c, 4 months. Pressed Western is quiet at $2,25@2,30 for qr gamada, and $1,31,75 for small lots from store. Olive is fairly active at $1,30@1,32½ per gallon in casks; $2,37½ for quarts, and $3,50 for pints.

SKINS—Neat are in moderate request, with a good supply offering. Deer are in good request; we note further sales of 500 Tea Chests prime at 55c, 4 months; 2500 lbs at $1,02½ for seconds, and 60,000 Ea Sinal to arrive at a price we did not learn.

HIDES—The stock of Angostura is a mere cypher, and of all kinds in first hands it cannot much exceed 2000, which is 20,000 less than same time last year, and over 30,000 less than in 1854. The demand continues steadily good, and prices are fully supported. Last sales 1000 Buenos Ayres, ex Uranus, at 20c, 8 mos; 1775 do, part at 20c, 6 mos, and part 4 mos; 1000 do, part at 20c, 6 mos, and part 4 mos; 1000 Montevideo, 1000 Rio Grande, and 1000 Buenos Ayres, to arrive, at 19c, 6 mos; 900 Buenos Ayres, to arrive, at 20c, 6 mos; 300 Pernambuco, 20 lbs, at 20c; 300 dry salted Southern at 24c; 362 Texas at 26½c for dry, and 22c for dry salted.

DEC. 5.—Flour is advancing; 9000 bbls sold. State $6,20@6,40; Southern firm; Wheat active and advancing 2c; 90,000 bush sold at $1,55. Corn dull; 19,000 bus sold; Pork buoyant; $13,50@13,62½. Beef buoyant. Lard buoyant. Whiskey brisk, at 30 cents.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

OFFICE OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, December 6, 1856.

The Produce markets have been rather dull this week under the influence of the unsettled state of the weather. In the Dry Goods trade there is very little animation among either the Jobbing or Commission Houses, and but little business will now be done until after the commencement of the New Year. Prime Cotton continues in demand, with a very limited supply, and most of the leading articles of Cotton and Woollen manufacture are well held up, and men with moderate but well assorted stocks for the season in the moderate way, have been a fair business done. Flour, Corn, Corn Meal, and Wheat are dull and lower. Cotton has met a limited inquiry, and in some instances rather better rates have been realized. Coal remains without change. Coffee, Sugar and Molasses are held very firmly, but the transactions have been limited. Hemp and Hides are very quiet. Hops are dull. In the Iron market there is no new feature. Lead continues dull. Lumber is unchanged. In Naval Stores and Oils there has been a steady business done, without any changes in prices. Provisions are dull, but holders are firm. Rice meets a better inquiry. The supply of Salt is large, and prices drooping. Clover seed has been in good demand, and supplies come forward more freely, and rather better rates have been realized. Timothy continues very low. Wool is in good demand, with a light stock.

BREADSTUFFS.—There has been rather more inquiry for Flour for export during the past week, but with fair supplies, and unfavorable accounts from Europe, the market closes dull, without any changes in price. The sales for shipment comprise 15,000 bbls, at $6,56@6,87½ for the best good brands, 86,75@6,87½ for extra, and $7,31 for extra family, including 2000 bbls of the latter on terms kept private. A small lot of Middlings brought $5. There has been a fair demand for the supply of the retailers and bakers within the range of quotations. The market continues bare of Rye Flour. Sales of 200 bbls at $4,50. Corn Meal has been very dull. Sales of 200 bbls Penna at $3 ⅌ bbl, with an occasional jobbing stock.

The receipts of Wheat have been quite moderate, but the market has been dull, the rates being considerably above those of Flour, and prices have fallen off 2@3c ⅌ bushel. Sales of about 5000 bush at $1,45@1,47 for ordinary and common red, and $1,50@1,52 for good to prime do; $1,55@1,56 for fair to very choice white. Rye continues in good demand, and 7,000 bushels sold on arrival at 80c. Corn has been in good request, and about 50,000 bushels sold at steadily advancing prices, closing at the latter rate, and 66c from store, including white at 65c. Oats are now from 36 to 38c, according to dryness. Oats—Southern coming forward more freely, and 20,000 bus sold at 42@44c on Delaware, and 45@46c for Pennsylvania.

PROVISIONS—Supplies are beginning to come forward from the West, but there has been very little business done to any description. The receipts of Pork have increased, but there is very little demand for it. Sales of Mess at $13,50@13 ⅌ bbl, and Prime at $12, on time. City Packed Mess Beef sells slowly at $10@11, cash. Prime—There has been very little inquiry, and the few sales have been only in retail lots at 10c, 12c for Rump, part for Sales, and 9@10c ⅌ lb, on time, for Shoulders. In Dry Salted Meats there has been very little doing. The stocks are increasing, but the demand is quite limited. Lard—The demand has been limited, but there is very little stock here to operate in. Sales of tes and bbls, mostly new, at 12@12½c, and kegs at 12½@13c, 60 days.

The supply has fallen off, but there is ample for the demand. Sales of solid packed, which is very dull, at 11@12c, and roll at 12@12c ⅌ lb, as to quality. Cheese is unchanged.

GROCERIES—There has been no arrivals of Coffee since our last. The market continues very firm, but the demand has been limited. Sales of 100 bags Rio at 9½@10c, and Laguayra at 12c, on time, including 1000 bags St Domingo at 10½c.

The market for Sugar continues very firm, but the demand for it is limited. Sales of 300 hhds Cuba and New Orleans at private ⅌ lb, on time—including some of the latter to go West.

There is a good demand for Molasses, with but very limited supplies to operate in. Sales of 400 hhds Cienfuegos, before arrival, on private terms, and some Cuba Muscovado at 35c, on time.

METALS—There is no change to notice this week in Iron. The demand for Pig Metal continues limited, and the sales of Anthracite have been only in small lots at $23 ⅌ ton, six mos, for No 1; $22 for No 2, and $21 for No 3. A sale of 50 tons Scotch Pig Blooms was made at $30, six mos. Prices of Scotch Pig, Blooms and bar iron remain without change.

Small sales of English Sheathing Copper at 29c, and Yellow Metal at 22c ⅌ lb, six mos.

The stock of Pig Lead is light, but the market is dull, and no sales have come under our notice.

BARK—The demand for Quercitron bark has fallen off, prices have declined, and Sales of 60 hhds No 1 at $40. Nothing doing in Tanners' Bark, and none offering.

BEESWAX—Continues scarce, and good yellow readily commands 27@28c ⅌ lb, cash, with sales of 3300 lbs at the latter rate.

CANDLES—Sperm are steady at 41@42c. Sales of Adamantine at 22c ⅌ lb, 4 months, at which rate the city manufacturers have sold to the trade pretty freely during the season.

COAL—The receipts have somewhat fallen off. There is no new feature to present in the market, and the demand continues quite moderate, both for shipment and home consumption. Nothing doing in Bituminous.

The anthracite coal tonnage for the past week, and for the season thus far, from the Lehigh and Schuylkill regions, has been as follows, compared with the season:

FOR THE WEEK.

	1855.	1856.	
Lehigh Canal	29,277	19,305	Dec. 9,972
Lehigh Val RR	20,000	17,000	Dec. 3,000
Schuylkill Canal	21,463	32,175	Inc. 10,712
Reading Railroad	27,743	45,599	Inc. 17,856
Total for week	98,483	103,144	Inc. 24,701

FOR THE SEASON.

	1855.	1856.	
Lehigh Canal	1,314,077	1,180,510	Dec. 133,567
Lehigh Val RR		165,740	Inc. 165,740
Schuylkill Canal	1,094,554	1,145,890	Inc. 51,336
Reading Railroad	2,233,121	2,129,472	Dec. 93,652
Total for season	4,641,852	4,621,612	Dec. 16,028

COTTON—The market has been very quiet for some time past, but without any quotable change in prices. Sales of 1150 bales, chiefly Uplands, at 11½@12c ⅌ lb, on time, for low grades and mid quality. The manufacturers are holding off in anticipation of lower rates.

DRUGS AND DYES—The transactions have been limited. Among them we notice some Soda Ash at 2½@2¾c 6 months; 100 casks Bleaching Powder at 2½; two invoices of Jamaica Logwood at about $30; some Bi-Carbonate of Soda at 3½c; and Castile Licorice Paste at 20c, 6 months.

FEATHERS—Come forward slowly. Small sales good Western at 44@45c ⅌ lb, on time.

FISH—About 300 bbls No. 2 and 3 Mackerel sold from the wharf on terms not made public. The receipts continue small, but the demand is limited. Sales in small lots from store at $2@3,31 ⅌ barrel for large No 1; $4,50 for small do; $11 for large No 2; $8 for small do, and $6,75 for small No 3's, of which the market is nearly bare. No change in Codfish or Herring. The bills scale fish and 3000 boxes Herring sold on terms kept secret.

FRUIT—The stock of all descriptions of foreign is small. There is a steady demand for Bunch Raisins at 3½@3,62½ ⅌ box, and smaller packages at proportionate rates. Dried Apples and Peaches come in slowly; sales of the former at 4½c, and the latter at 14@15c for unpeared, and 18@19c per lb for peared.

GINSENG—Continues scarce, and there is nothing doing in either Crude or Clarified.

GUANO—There will be but little done in this article until the spring demand commences.

HEMP—The stock is very small, and no transactions have come under our notice.

HIDES—There has been no arrivals since our last notice. They are wanted. 2000 Porto Cabello sold at about 20c, cattle.

HOPS—The demand is quite limited, new crop continues limited, and the sales are only in small lots at 10@12c ⅌ lb for new crop Eastern and Western. Olds are neglected, and prices entirely nominal.

LEATHER—Prices continue very firm for both Spanish Sole and Slaughter Leather, but there is very little stock here to operate in.

LUMBER—The transactions have been limited. Among them we notice a cargo of Flooring Boards on private terms; some Spruce Boards at $16 ⅌ M feet. Laths in lots at $1,40, and Hemlock at $1,62½@1,75 ⅌ M.

NAVAL STORES—The receipts of all descriptions have been small. Sales of 1000 bbls Common Rosin at $1,55 ⅌ bbl and some No 2 at $2, on time. Prices of Tar and Pitch are unchanged, and the sales trifling. Spirits of Turpentine has been in limited request, but without change in prices. Small sales at 55@56c, cash and on time.

OILS—Prices are steady for all kinds of Fish Oils, but there has not been much doing. Linseed Oil is dull and sells only in a small way at 84@85c. Red Oil continues very scarce. A sale of Winter Lard Oil at $1,05, 4 mos.

Imports of Sperm and Whale Oil and Whalebone into the United States for the week ending Dec. 1st, 1856:

	Bbls Sp.	Bbls Wh.	Lbs Bone.
Total	2601	30	600
Previously	74,235	194,854	2,236,500
From Jan 1 to date	76,836	194,884	2,237,100
Same time last year	67,571	101,891	2,733,000

PLASTER—Continues scarce. A cargo of white, to go out of the market, sold at $3,50 ⅌ ton.

RICE—In fair demand but prices are lower. Sales of 200 tierces at 3½@3¾c ⅌ lb, on time.

SALT—Prices are drooping. Most of the recent arrivals of both Liverpool and Turk's Island have been disposed of on terms not made public, but at a considerable decline.

SEEDS—There is a fair demand for Clover seed, and prices have improved. Sales of 850 bush prime at $7,56@7,75 ⅌ 64 lbs, closing dull at the latter, and 250 bags customs not made public. Timothy nominally at $4,50@4,75 ⅌ bush. Flaxseed brought $1,68@1,68 ⅌ bush.

SPICES—The sales have been limited, without change in prices.

SPIRITS—There has been a very limited inquiry for Brandy and Gin, but prices are steadily maintained. N E Rum continues scarce and sells at 35@36c. Whiskey is firmer and prices have declined 1c. Sales of 1000 bbls, mostly at 29@29½c; bbls at 29½ 30c, and 100 bbls at 30½—the assize returned.

TALLOW—Meets a limited inquiry; sales of City Rendered at 12c, and Country at 11@11½c ⅌ lb, cash.

TEAS—Prices are steady, but there is very little doing.

TOBACCO—There is a steady demand for both Leaf and Manufactured at full prices.

WOOL—The demand continues good, and with very light receipts and a reduced stock, prices are firm. A lot of 10,000 lbs fine sold at 36c ⅌ lb, 6 mos, and 120,000 lbs, in lots, from 29 up to 36c.

NEW YORK CATTLE MARKET.

TOTAL RECEIPTS AT ALL THE PRINCIPAL MARKETS.

Beeves,	3182	Milk Cows,	224
Veals,	305	Swine,	13,000
Sheep and Lambs,	9200		

BEEVES.

The trade was to a moderate extent, but the stormy weather exerted a very depressing influence on the market, and prices were less firmly maintained. The quality on the whole was medium; considerable was poor, and some pretty decent looking Beef sold at 10@11c ⅌ pound, while a very extreme price. The business up to the close was very slow, and the indications are that some would be left over.

We quote prices as follows:

Best Cattle,	10@10½	Common quality,	9
Good quality,	9@9½	Inferior "	7@8

Receipts of country from whence brought—

New York,	330	Kentucky,	370
Ohio,	696	Iowa,	60
Illinois,	557	Texas,	107
Indiana,	227		

By whom received—

By Allerton,	2460	By Brownlow,	370
By O'Brien,	346	By Chamberlain,	217
Total,			3182
Received last week,			3180

VEAL CALVES.

There has been a better demand, and prices are a trifle higher; the supply was not sufficient for the trade. Sales at 5@5½c, and 7@7½c, as to quality.

RECEIPTS.

By Allerton,	202	By Brownlow,	32
By O'Brien,	102	By Chamberlain,	141
Total,			305
Received last week,			298

MILCH COWS.

The market has received a little, and appears improved. Sales at $30@35 for common, and $40@75 for extra.

RECEIPTS.

By Allerton,	41	By Brownlow,	9
By O'Brien,	134	By Chamberlain,	97
Total,			274
Received last week,			283

SHEEP AND LAMBS.

A lively business has transpired at full rates; some quote an advance of 25c per head since two weeks ago. The Sheep Herders' sales are as follows:—By Thomas C. Larkin, at Newburgh, 414 head for $1772, on which bought $220; $10 a head average; they were purchased by Harris, of Washington market. By Hunter & Baldwin, 720 head for $2,814 75; by James McCarthy, 610 head, at $3,36@3 75; average per head $4,15.

The receipts are as follows:

At Allerton's	1841
At Brownlow's	3767
At Chamberlain's	3231
Total,	9239
Received last week,	9133

SWINE.

We have a large supply, with equally improved sales, at 6@6¼c. B F Harris sold 1300 head at Allerton's at these figures; 50 head were also sold at 6½c.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 232—Adults 80, and children 152.

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY R. B. JONES, EXCHAGE HOTEL, No. 79 Dock Street.

MEATS.

Beef.		Whole carcass	8 @ 9
Rosstoe rib, ⅌ lb	16 @

EMIGRATION WESTWARD.—*The Memphis Bulletin says:*—"We have never before observed so large a number of emigrants going westward as is crossing the river at this point daily, the two ferry boats—sometimes three—going crowded from early morn until the boats cease making their trips at night. It is no uncommon sight to see from twenty to forty wagons encamped on the bluff for the night, notwithstanding there has been a steady stream going across the river all day, and yet the cry is, still they come. This emigration is from the olden States, mostly Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi and this State, all going to settle in Arkansas and Texas. Judging from these indications, the influx of population into these States will be larger this season than ever before, and of good substantial citizens."

A CURIOUS ACCIDENT.—We have often heard of men being killed in battle by the wind of cannon balls which passed very near them, but the following, which happened at the battle of Masaya, Nicaragua is of a little different character:—Capt. George Leonard, of Company B, First Rifles, was in the thickest of the fight, at the head of his men, when he dropped insensible upon the ground. A report reached head-quarters that he was dead. Shortly afterward rumor said it that he was not dead, but had been shot in the mouth. The fact was he had not been touched; but a bullet passed so closely by his lips, that it took the breath completely out of his body. After lying about ten minutes, he recovered, and was so unconscious of the cause of his fall that he attributed it to a fit of apoplexy."

ALMOST A DUEL.—Charles Irving, of the Lynchburg (Virginia) Republican, took exception to an article in the December number of Harper's Magazine, entitled "The Virginia Editor," and sent the author, Mr. Bagby, of Lynchburg, a challenge. The parties met at Bladensburg, on the 3d instant. Mr. Irving was accompanied by Messrs. Pryor, Bocock and Kuitz, and Mr. Bagby by W. C. Corrie and W. L. Blanchard. On their arrival at the ground selected, the matter was amicably adjusted without a shot.

ROYALTY TRAVELLING.—Prince Alfred, a son of Victoria, is traveling on the continent of Europe, meeting some new blows. In France, a young gentleman of Philadelphia was mistaken for the Prince, and much merriment was the result. The mistake grew out of the *distingue* appearance of the young Philadelphian caused by his being clad in a suit of the Youth's Clothing got up at the Brown Stone Clothing Hall of Rockhill & Wilson, Nos. 603 and 605 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

☞ EMPLOYMENT FOR THE WINTER.—Persons in want of employment may find that which is both profitable and pleasant by addressing ROBERT SEARS, Publisher, 181 William Street, New York. nov29-1f

WHOLESOME ADVICE.—Be just, be generous. Benevolence is a great duty, which not only benefits the object, but affords a sensation of joy to your own mind worth more than all the gold in the world. It can never be measured by the amount you furnish on a first dreary, or that you spend to gratify vanity or folly. Although we may not charge vanity to those who do so well on the contrary, it also is a duty—though we may contemplate it, and the others as well by purchasing all our clothing at the beautiful Emporium of Granville Stokes, No. 268 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

ROOT GALLERY.—Sun-lit Crayons, a new wonder, appertaining to Ambrotypes, taken by Cook only, corner of Fifth and Chestnut, Philadelphia. oct1-1f

A MEDICINE, scientifically and skilfully compounded, which makes no undue pretensions, and is recommended by Physicians of the highest respectability, deserves the patronage of the public. Such a medicine is the Oxygenated Bitters, for the cure of Dyspepsia in all its forms.

A REMARKABLE CURE OF INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM.

Greenville, Green Co., Tenn., July 6th, 1856.

D. Jayne,

Dear Sir:

I hope you will not take it amiss to receive a letter from a friend at a distance, informing you of the cure of one of your Family Medicines—the Alterative. In November last, one of my sons was taken with a violent pain in his hip, and we thought he would not live. His family physician who called in, and pronounced his ailing Inflammatory Rheumatism. The doctor attended him for the space of four or six weeks, he still got weaker every day. For six weeks he could not be moved in his bed, but thank God his mother was looking over one of your almanacs, and found a case like Patterson, whose disease was the same as my son's. She did not advise him what to do, but got one of his brothers to call the case to him, and if he was willing to quit the doctor and try your Alterative, we would procure some for him. He was willing to consent, and we bought six bottles of it. As soon as he was taking it the pain got more severe. I think it was eighteen days he made use of, and then mended on. He is now going about and working, but still is slightly lame. I believe if he had continued with the doctor, and not taken your Alterative, he would have been in his grave at this time, but with the blessing of God, and the help of your medicine, our son is now in the land of the living.

No more at present, I remain your friend and well wisher in the Gospel. PETER HARMON, Sr.

The Alterative is prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, and for sale by their agents throughout the United States. nov29-4t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

Nov. 26th, 1856, by Friends' ceremony, at the village of Yellow Springs, Ohio, EDWARD WEBB, of Wilmington, Delaware, to ESLY SMITH, of Macedon, Wayne county, New York.

In Wheeling, Va., on Tuesday evening, Nov. 25th, by the Rev. W. F. Perkins, Rector of St. Matthew's Church, GEO. ARMOND, of Philadelphia, to SALLIE, daughter of M. Neff, Esq., of the former place.

On the evening of Thanksgiving day, Nov. 27th, by the Rev. J. H. Peters, JOSEPH HERITAGE, M. D. to Miss ANNIE E. CLICK, both of this city.

On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. William H. Elliott, Mr. JOHN MCCLEES, to CATHARINE SWIGART, both of this city.

On the 20 instant, by the Rev. Thomas Street, Mr. ROSS GORDON, of Rockford, Illinois, to Miss MARY J. RAMSEY, of Philadelphia.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr. THOMAS H. PENNYPACKER, of this city, to Miss ANNIE M. daughter of John Capewell, Esq., of Knight's Point, Camden.

On the 31st August, by the Rev. John A. Roche, Mr. HENRY S. DAY, to Miss MARY C. HOTZ, both of Philadelphia.

On the 20th of Oct. by the Rev. George Chandler, Mr. GEORGE BLAKE, to Miss SUSANNA GODSHALL, both of this city.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. George A. Durbrow, Mr. ANDREW CRUTHERS, to Miss MARGARET FERGUSON, both of this city.

On the 1st of Sept. by the Rev. Mr. Kenny, Mr. GEORGE W. CLARKSON, to Miss ANNA MARGARETTA, daughter of the late Andrew Neuman, both of this city.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. William Urie, Mr. WILLIAM HAMILTON, formerly of Chester county, Pa. to Miss MARTHA J. HUGHES, formerly of Cincinnati, Ohio.

On the 25th of Sept. by the Rev. Doctor Coleman, Mr. JOHN JOHNSON, of Maryland, to Miss LYDIA R. COLEMAN, daughter of the late Col. John M. Collins, of Philadelphia.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. WILLIAM J. STEWART, of Wilmington, Del. to Miss REBECCA C. YOUNG, of this city.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. Wesley Kenney, Mr. ANDREW W. RUSSELL, to HANNAH L. KNORR, both of Philadelphia.

On the 11th ultimo, by the Rev. S. H. Hayes, Mr. WILLIAM STANLEY, M. D. of Lebanon, Pa. to Miss JULIA C. daughter of A. L. RAY, Esq. of Frankford, Maine, and niece of the late Hon. Daniel Webster.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. C. R. Demree, Mr. HENRY RAYMOND, of Brooklyn, N. Y. to Miss CAROLINE ANNE, of Philadelphia.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. John A. Roche, Mr. JAMES TAGGERT, to MARGARET A. GRAVES, both of Wilmington, Del.

In the 30th of October, by the Rev. C. W. Shields, Mr. ALEXANDER MONROE, to Miss HARRIET REYNER, both of this city.

On the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. Henry A. Boardman, D. D. Mr. JOSEPH UHLER, to Miss NANCY WATSON, both of Philadelphia.

On the 16th ultimo, by the Rev. F. T. Cachemeyer, Mr. WARREN S. ATKEN, to Miss TABITHA H. BRAKER, daughter of the late Rev. H. M. Braker, both of Camden, N. J.

On the 23th ultimo, at Harrisburg, Pa. by the Rev. Mr. Kennedy, Mr. HARRIS, of Baltimore, Md. to Miss ANN ELIZA, of the former place.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

In Columbia, Ills. on the 20th of Oct. Mrs. AGNES, wife of A. W. Gardner, aged 29 years.

On the 3d instant, MARY H. wife of Wesley Welly, aged 28 years.

On the 3d instant, ELIJAH, son of John M. and Sarah Davis, aged 11 years.

On the 2d instant, Miss MARY A. SOREN, aged 21 years.

On the 3d instant, Mrs. SARAH MARINE, aged 84 years.

On the 3d instant, JAMES MCCULLOUGH, aged 50 years.

On the 3d instant, WILLIAM JAMES, aged 29 years.

On the 3d instant, ELIZABETH E. BLAETZ, aged 5 years and 10 months.

On the 3d instant, GEORGE, son of the late George and Sarah Kelly, aged 9 years and 4 months.

On the 3d instant, ISAIAH DIXEY, son of Charles and Mary Gosby, aged 6 years and 2 months.

On the 29th ultimo, WILLIAM TAYLOR, aged 45 years.

On the 30 instant, EDWARD, son of Henry and Mary Mettenbrunner, aged 4 years.

On the 3d instant, Mr. ISAAC CARTER, aged 54 years.

On the 1st instant, Mr. JOHN LIGHTCAP, aged 68 years.

On the 1st instant, HENRY S. son of N. R. and A. C. Shoemaker, aged 9 years and 11 months.

On the 3d instant, ANN, wife of Robert H. Beresford, aged 52 years.

On the 2d instant, EDWARD M. GREEN, aged 24 years.

On the 1st instant, ISABELLA C. wife of Dr. A. Whitehead, of Westmoreland, Va. aged 27 years.

On the 3d instant, JESSIE E. daughter of William Ruddock, aged 5 years.

On the 3d instant, WILLIAM LIVINGSTON, aged 2½ years.

On the 3d instant, HARRY IRVIN, son of Wm. and Anna M. Pringle, aged 4 years and 10 months.

On the 3d instant, WILLIAM W. LUDDINGTON, aged 28.

On the 3d instant, near Spread Eagle, Chester county, Pa. GEORGE S. LATCH, aged 27 years.

On the 1st instant, EZEKIEL, son of Robert and Mary Patterson, aged 8 years.

On the 30 instant, WILLIAM FLAHAR, son of James and Sarah Tool, aged 2 years and 2 months.

On the 2d instant, at Blue Bell, Montgomery county, PETER SHOEMAKER, aged 81 years.

On the 1st instant, ELLEN C. wife of Wm. Melfride.

On the 29th ultimo, Mr. JACOB H. BRUNNEMER, aged 51.

On the 1st instant, Mr. JOHN BAILEY, aged 30 years.

On the 30th ultimo, Mrs. MARIA L. TOMKINS, aged 40 years.

On the 29th ult. Mrs. ROSA F. PALMER, aged 29 years.

On the 28th ultimo, CHARLES WARD, daughter of John and Ann Whitson, aged 3 years.

On the 28th ultimo, CHARLES AUSTIN, son of Thomas and Mary M. Field, aged 4 years.

On the 29th ultimo, WILLIAM HARRIS, aged 50 years.

On the 30th ultimo, MARY, daughter of Lewis T. and Mary Jones, aged 4 years.

On the 29th ultimo, JOHN Q. HUFFMAN, aged 2 years.

On the 2d ultimo, HARRIET ELLEN, daughter of Carey and Hockne, aged 12 years and 9 months.

On the 30th ultimo, ISABELLA MCLAUGHLIN, aged 18 years.

On the 28th ultimo, Mrs. RACHEL BURT, aged 81 years.

On the 26th ultimo, Mrs. ANN, wife of Peter Binkle, aged 58 years.

On the 4th ultimo, BRIDGET, wife of Francis Larkin, aged [illegible]

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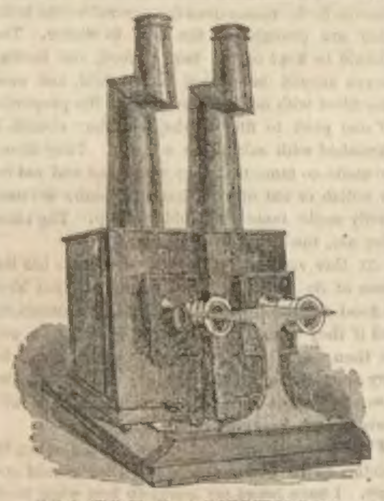

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Gold Spectacles,	$5 and Upwards.
Silver do.	$1.75, $2, $2.50 and Upwards.
Steel do.	$0.75, $1, $1.25.

Spectacles of our manufacture are furnished with glasses of the first quality, and particular attention is given as to the focus best adapted to the sight of the wearer. Great injury often results from an injudicious selection of glasses, or from the use of those of inferior quality.

In order that persons at a distance may be properly suited, they are requested to send a glass, or a piece of the glass, from the spectacles they were last, and aim to state how long some older glasses have been needed. *The age alone does not afford a sufficient rule for judging of the sight.*

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EUREKA—CULLEN'S MAGIC HAIR DYE.—This preparation has acquired much celebrity for its valuable properties in imparting to the Hair a beautiful JET BLACK AND GLOSSY APPEARANCE, and for its immediate action in changing the color of the hair immediately upon its application. The *receipt* for this valuable preparation, together with directions for use, will be forwarded by mail to any one remitting $1 to the subscriber. Address,
AMBROSE CULLEN,
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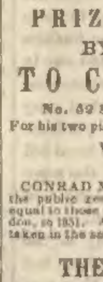

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One day the Emperor was riding by a window, through which he saw a tailor at work. Being inclined to have some sport, the Emperor stopped opposite the window which was open, and cried out—

"And what is your employment, my fine fellow?"

"I am a tailor, sire?" said the man.

The reply was so appropriate that the Emperor took the Cross of the Legion of Honor from his own breast, and made him a Topographical Engineer on the spot.

In the earlier part of spring Napoleon was in the habit of rising early and walking in plain dress by the side of the Seine. One morning, in the course of his perambulations, he encountered one of the fraternity of washerwomen commonly known as lacindrosses. Seeing her drinking something, the Emperor said:

"What is that you are drinking, madame?"

"Water," said she."

"Water," said the Emperor.

"Yes, one must needs drink water when one can get nothing else."

The Emperor said nothing at the moment, but the next day, the old woman was surprised upon being informed that his Majesty had been so pleased with her exhibition of contentment, that he had assigned her a pension of a hundred thousand francs per year!

A farm laborer was walking with his shoes in his hand along the road, when it happened that the Emperor was passing:

"Why do you not put your shoes upon your feet, my good fellow?" said he.

"Ah! I may injure them on the pebbles of the road," said the peasant.

"Why, then, by avoiding that you may injure your toes," said the Emperor.

"True, sire, but they will get well of their own accord again, while a shoe out of repair, will cost something to mend."

Napoleon admired his economical philosophy so much, that he immediately appointed him Minister of Finance to the Empire, with the title of the Duc de Sabot.

Immediately after the battle of Austerlitz, Napoleon was riding over the field of battle, giving directions as to the wounded and the dead. In his progress he saw a camp follower, who appeared to have been wounded in the cheek.

"You appear to have been doing soldier's duty," said Napoleon.

"Oh! a pitch plaster will make it all well in a day or two."

The Emperor, struck with the intrepidity of the man and the originality of the reply, made him a Marshal of the Empire on the field, and ever after held him in the highest respect.

DEAD TO THE LAW.—Some years ago a man without a family or relatives lived in a county in Arkansas, and was possessed of an estate worth $5,000. He went to New Orleans, and was absent four years without being heard from. The Probate Judge granted administration on his estate—wound it up and discharged the administrator. The man returned—had been to Mexico—when in open court the following dialogue took place:

Dead Man—If your honor please, I want my effects returned to me, as you see I am *not dead*.

Court—I know—that is as a *man*—that you are alive and in court, but, *as a court*, I know you are *dead*, for the records of this court say so, and against their verity there can be no averment—so says Lord Coke, and a good many other books I never read.

Dead Man—But I want my property, and it's no matter to me whether your records lie or not, I am alive, and have not transferred my property, and to deprive me of it without my consent is against the law.

Court—If you intimate that the records of this court lie, this court will send you to jail!

Dead Man—Send a *dead* man to jail.

Court—Mr. Sheriff, take this apparition out.

Sheriff—"Come, let's go and take something to drink."

The Judge stuck to it, that so far as his court was concerned, he *was dead*, and *cussed*, if he shouldn't *stay dead!*—and the poor fellow went into chancery and spent all he made in Mexico, and all the rest.

ANECDOTE OF SHUTER.—As Shuter, the celebrated comedian was once travelling to the north of England, the coach was stopped by a highwayman, on Finchley Common. His only companion in the journey was an old gentleman, who, to save his money, pretended to be asleep.

But Shuter resolved to be even with him; accordingly, when the highwayman presented his pistol, and demanded Shuter to deliver his money, or be was a dead man; "Money," returned he, with an idiotic shrug, and a countenance inexpressibly vacant, "Oh, Lud, sir, they never trust me with any; for uncle, here, always pays for me, turnpikes, and all, your honor!" Upon which the highwayman gave him a few hearty curses for his stupidity; aroused the old gentleman, and robbed him of every shilling; whilst Shuter heartily enjoyed the joke.

"TAKING DOWN" AN ORATOR.—During the Presidential election of 1844, a politician somewhere in New Hampshire was making a speech, and objecting very strongly to the election of Henry Clay on the ground of his being a duellist. This done he began to glorify his own party, as small in numbers, but destined to achieve great things. He compared it to David going forth with sling and stones to the combat with the gigantic Goliah. Piling up the eloquence, he reached the climax at last, and cried out—

"And then—then, fellow citizens—what did David do?"

"*Fit a duel, sir,*" came in shrill tones from one of the assembly.

The orator "shut up" immediately.

SKELETON OF A FASHIONABLE SERMON.—The following, from the Knickerbocker, is a well-merited burlesque on the style of discourses too common in these days from dandyjack graduates, anxious to show off their slight smattering of superficial learning, without knowing how to properly apply it:

Text—"And he killed the Fatted Calf."

Introduction—Not necessary to say much about the Prodigal Son, for nearly every wealthy family has a specimen of its own, and needs no enlightenment on the subject. Divide the subject into five heads:

1st.—Speak of the calf, and inform your hearers how a calf should be fatted. Give him all the milk of two cows, except a tin cup full now and then for the baby. Here you can make some learned remarks about the milky-way, the belt of Jupiter, and Lord Ross's telescope.

2nd.—He killed the fatted calf, but not only the Scriptures, but Josephs and the Fathers are profoundly silent on the question *how* he killed it. As this was more than a thousand years before the invention of gunpowder firearms, the presumption is that the old man didn't shoot the critter, but pitched into him with a club—for clubs are very ancient institutions.

3rd.—Explain why the old gentleman, instead of a *calf*, didn't kill a *shote*—make a one-horse barbacue and have a real time of it.

4th.—Inform your hearers what the word *calf* means when used in Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Choctaw or Lockjaw.

5th.—Dwell pathetically upon the melancholy degeneracy of the present age, evinced by the fact that fathers, now-a-days, instead of treating a runaway son to a "fatted calf," are pretty apt to treat him to a "hasty plate of soup," made from the hide of the calf's maternal projenitor.

Conclusion—Throw in a little geology; talk learnedly about "*grapewake*" and "*transition conglomerate*." Wind up the discourse with a most eloquent, affecting appeal to the consciences of your hearers on the Durham breed of cattle.

TIMOTHY.—Those who know the value of timothy for feeding cattle, can appreciate the following, which was originally started by the Geauga (Ohio) Journal:

"*Horrid Murder.*—Timothy Hay, a resident of Aurora, Portage County, was found on the morning of the 14th, on his own premises, with his head completely severed from the body, and otherwise horribly mutilated, having the appearance of having been done by some sharp instrument. An Irishman on the farm, who is known to have had some difficulty with Hay, is suspected. He is still at large."

Many of the papers took it for a genuine occurrence, but some editorial genius has carried out the joke by adding the paragraph below:

"We learn by a gentleman direct from Portage County that Hay, in spite of his injuries, has been completely *cured*. He had a narrow escape, however, and he solemnly realizes the truth of the Scriptural declaration, that 'all flesh is grass.' The perpetrator of the act was not an Irishman, as stated, but a Scythian; he is at present out on (straw) bail—nevertheless, from the horrible manner in which he is said to have mutilated the unfortunate Hay, we shall not be surprised to hear that he is no more (mower)."

BOARDERS AT SARATOGA.—The first chap we met on our arrival here at Saratoga was a character. We remembered him ten years ago as a great scoundrel. He was attired in the most gorgeous style, and was picking his teeth on a hotel piazza, with a genteel ease and quiet assurance exceedingly pleasant to behold.

At the time we first saw him, he had boarded some two months with a lady, who could not get a dollar from him. At last she thought she would see what baggage he possessed, and for that purpose visited his room. She found only an empty trunk, which was immediately claimed by another boarder. She saw she was swindled, and so she made up her mind as to her course of action.

At dinner that day, when all the boarders were present, she thus accosted him:

"Mr. ——, I must request you to leave the house, as I want your room for a paying boarder."

He didn't move a muscle; he was a perfect wall of brass.

"I trust you will go to-day," continued she; "I have set your baggage out in the hall."

"Baggage?" said he in surprise.

"Yes, *your toothbrush!*"

He finished his dinner. I suppose he is here with all his baggage now.—*N. Y. Picayune.*

SINGULAR CASE.—The danger of allowing patent medicines to "lay around loose," is fully set forth in the following:—A venerable lady who resided in a suburban cottage kept a few hens for her own amusement. In feeding them one day, she wet her feet, and a severe bilious attack resulted. She sent for a box of anti-bilious powders, and was about to take a dose, when the idea suggested itself to her that nature was nature's best restorer, and she threw them into the garden. In a few days she found herself fully recovered, and with a sharp appetite, and looking at her chickens, she resolved to have one boiled for dinner, and her neighbor's son soon brought in one with a dislocated neck. After 30 minutes she took it from the pot, only to find it like a stone, and she replaced it, and gave it another trial, with no better success; and the third time she tried it, until after two hours and a half she gave it up as a tough subject. The trouble was this—the chickens had partaken of the anti-bilious powders, and there was no "bile" left in them!

☞ A few years ago the following sign was upon one of our mercantile houses—

A. Bull & Co., Importers.

A wicked wag one night took paint and brush, and in one minute made it read thus—

A Bull & Cow Imported.

Numbers of persons called the next day to take a look at the *Imported Cattle.*

THE HIGHEST MOUNTAIN IN THE WORLD.—The principal topic of conversation at Calcutta is the discovery of the highest mountain in the world. At the meeting of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, on the 6th of August, Major Thuiller announced that Col. Waugh, Surveyor General of India, had completed his computations of the positions and elevations of the peaks of the Himalayas. The result was to depose the mountain Kanchinjinga from its throne as the highest point on the earth's surface. That distinction belongs for the present to a peak 100 miles from Kanchinjinga, and between that mountain and Kanmandoo. This peak is ascertained to be 29,002 feet above the sea level; Kanchinjinga is 28,156 feet; and Dewalagerl, the mountain which "school geographies" persist in calling "the highest mountain in the known world," is only 26,826 feet. The mountain has no name intelligible to civilized men, and Col. Waugh has therefore ventured to denominate it "Mount Everest," after a former Surveyor General.

THE SUCCESSFUL CANDIDATE'S EXPEDIENT.

MISS L——E.—"Now, my dearest uncle, if you recover the use of your arm, I hope you will never be so rash as to do your own shaking again. That machine answers every purpose—you can ask your friends in and let them just shake that as long as they like."

Agricultural.

FEEDING STOCK.

Considerable judgment is required to feed out the different articles comprising the winter's stock of food, to the best advantage. When animals first come to the barn, they should not at once be put on the poorest fodder—it would make too sudden a change in their diet—they should have that which they will readily eat, and the poorer kinds should be reserved for the keener appetites which cold weather will give.—If root crops are to be fed out, the flat or common English turnip should be used first, because it will not keep long. The carrot will keep later, and the rutabaga, or Swedish turnip still later.

In regard to the flat turnip, we may mention, in passing, that it is of more value, considering its cost of production, than is generally allowed. In a late visit to the farm of Mr. H. H. Peters, of Southboro', Massachusetts, we were surprised at the quantity of this root grown in his cornfield. Just before the last hoeing of the corn, the turnip seed was sown broadcast over the ground.—The earth was stirred enough in cultivating the corn to bury the turnip seed, and no further attention was given the crop till it was taken up.—The field produced 200 to 300 bushels of turnips to the acre—not a remarkably large crop, to be sure, but it cost nothing but the sowing and gathering. We have seen other instances where it has been produced in the same way. It should be remarked, that it is necessary to *top* the corn—that is cut the top stalk—to let in the sun and produce good-sized bulbs.

We have seen cattle and sheep fattened, and *well* fattened, on flat turnips. Mr. Webster, on his Marshfield farm, was in the habit of making excellent beef with turnips and salt hay. His neighbor, Hon. Seth Sprague, has done the same thing, and with advantage, too. Salt hay alone will barely keep animals in store condition.

We are indebted to Mr. Peters for some interesting facts in regard to the practice of Mr. Samuel Chamberlain, of Westboro', in feeding stock with turnips. In 1855, Mr. C. raised 2,500 bushels of turnips, among eleven acres of corn, in the manner above described. He fatted fifteen furrow cows on turnips, commencing when the cows were first tied up in the barn, about the 10th of November. The cows were then in quite low condition. They were fed with two bushels of turnips a day—one in the morning and one in the evening. They were fed eleven weeks—had no grain of any kind, and consumed but very little hay—and were then sold for $7 per hundred, dressed, which was as much as meal-fed animals sold for in his neighborhood at the same time. The cows were of the ordinary stock, and weighed from 450 to 650 pounds, dressed.

It is true that this trial lacks many of the points necessary to exact demonstration, but with all due allowances, is it not more than probable that the turnips furnished the cheapest food in this case that could have been produced?—*Boston Cultivator.*

CISTERNS, AND HOW TO MAKE THEM.—We have had several inquiries relative to the art of making cisterns. Where bricks are to be had they are easily constructed with the aid of water-lime. The mortar should be composed of one part water-lime to two parts of good sharp sand, and made in such quantities only as can be immediately used. Good cisterns of a moderate size can be made easily from inch and a half plank, well joined together, hooped like a barrel, overlaying the bottom with coatings of the cement until it is water-tight. Where the soil is loose, and the plank would be liable to leakage, a coating of the mortar if tightly put on, will render the cistern thoroughly tight. In building cisterns with filters, it is necessary to have a water-tight division in the cistern, on one side of which the supply of water is received. At the bottom of this division, is a thick layer of clean sand through which the water has to pass to get to that division from which the water is drawn. The art of making these filtering cisterns is simple, and they can be easily constructed by any good mechanic.—*Mich. Farmer.*

GUARD YOUR FRUIT TREES.—The extreme cold of last winter, followed by the severe drought of the past summer, has shown the importance of guarding fruit trees with mulch, straw or something of the kind spread several inches thick over the ground under the trees. Especially should young trees be thus protected. There are many advantages in it. It protects from the frosts of winter and the droughts of summer. It preserves the temperature of the climate in the soil about the roots, more nearly through the whole year. It enriches the soil, and it is possible it may protect the soil from some insects. The past year may have been a discouraging one to many fruit growers, especially those who have just commenced with ardent hopes. But they must remember that such years do not come often, and so must try again. They must remember, also, that the most of them have done nothing to protect their young trees from the calamities that have befallen them. Let them be of good cheer, and put out their orchards over the country, remembering to profit by the past, and hoping for the future.—*Ex.*

FATTENING PIGS.

Regular hours of feeding rank among the first of the rules which ought to be observed; the pigs will soon learn to expect their meals at certain times, and the stomach will be ready for it; irregularity will, therefore, irritate the digestive powers, and prevent so much benefit being derived from the meal when it does come.

Small meals, and many of them, are preferable to few and large ones, for swine are very apt to gorge and over-eat themselves, or if any be left in the trough, to return to it by fits and starts until it is all gone; in both cases the digestive functions are impaired, and the process is not fully and beneficially performed. The best remedy for indigestion is to let the animals fast for four-and-twenty hours, and then give to them a small quantity of dry food, as barley or peas, whole or salted, and let them fast four or five hours more before resuming their usual food.

Pigs always eat more when first put up to fatten than they do afterwards; therefore, the most nutritious food should be reserved until they are getting pretty fat—and at this period the food must be varied, for the appetite being diminished it becomes necessary to excite it by variety; and, besides, the same aliment constantly given palls upon the stomach, and is incapable of supplying in itself all the various kinds of nutriment required by the increased and altered state of the body.

It will be found advantageous occasionally to mingle a little sulphur or powdered antimony with the food of swine put up to fatten; about half an ounce in ten days will usually be sufficient. These medicines tend to purify the blood, facilitate digestion and maintain the appetite.

An American writer states that he has found gall-nuts, bruised and mingled with charcoal, to act most beneficially on the health of swine while being fattened, and also recommends that they should always be allowed to root in the earth of a small yard attached to the sty each day, and, if they will, eat some of the earth, which will be good for them. An intelligent writer in the Quarterly Journal of Agriculture states, that on the Duke of Montrose's estate, the pigs have ashes and cinders given them occasionally to correct the acidity of the stomach; and that they are frequently turned out to a piece of ground sprinkled with lime, which they root in and eat; or else, if this is not possible on account of the weather, a little magnesia is now and then mingled in the milk. These simple precautions are always more or less necessary to animals that are highly fed, and have little or no exercise, and we should recommend them to the attention of all owners of pigs.—*Youatt.*

PRESERVATION OF MANURES.

Exact practice has clearly settled the following facts, viz:—That manures should never be exposed to the sun and air, as in an open barn-yard. That they should be kept under cover, and the heap so arranged with a cistern at its lowest end, supplied with a pump, that the fluid drainage may be pumped back on the heap twice each week, or oftener if required, to prevent *fire-fanging*. That the fluid manures should be led from the stables through inclosed gutters to the drainage cistern, and when the heat is so dry as not to supply the necessary amount of drainage to keep it thoroughly wetted, that water should be added to make up this deficiency. "That when manure is giving off its odor the owner has a hole in his pocket." That manures are most retentive of ammonia when thoroughly moist throughout, and if any escape of ammonia is then perceptible, that a small quantity of sulphuric acid added to the drainage of the heap and then pumped back, so as to diffuse itself through the mass, will effectually prevent such loss. That manures should never be carted to the field until the farmer is ready to spread and plough them under. That heaps of manure exposed to the sun and air in the field are continually losing ammonia, and during high winds this is carried away despite the power of colder portions to retain it. That during winter rains, when the ground is frozen, the washing of the manure cannot be received by the soil, and thus the volatile portions are carried off by the agency of the sun and air. That the fluid manure of three animals is worth as much as the solid manure of four. That the value of barn-yard manures are materially increased by being composted with charcoal dust, swamp muck, pond and river bottom, head-lands, etc., before their fermentation.—*Working Farmer.*

SINK WASHINGS.—These should always be applied to the land. Wherever the ground about the buildings is such that it can be done without offending against neatness and health, they should be directed to a tank, or, what is quite as well, an excavation, for the purpose, to be filled half or two-thirds full of some rich vegetable matter in the spring, more of the same to be thrown on from time to time through the season, and the whole to be carried off the next spring and applied to the soil. From ten to twenty loads of as good manure as the farm affords may be thus manufactured at little expense; and it is worth considering, that the carbonaceous character of the peat or mould used renders it a good retainer of the foul gases that would otherwise infect the premises.—*Plough, Loom and Anvil.*

AUTUMN AND WINTER CARE OF SHEEP.

The following timely notes on this subject, communicated to the New York Chronicle, by Gen. R. Harmon of Wheatland, may be read with profit:

Much depends in successfully managing sheep upon keeping them divided into lots of the same age or condition. Lambs and small yearlings should be by themselves for several weeks before they are brought to the barn to winter. They should be kept on the best of feed, and feeding-boxes should be placed in the field, and every day filled with mill-feed or oats, in the proportion of one peck to fifty lambs, and they should be furnished with salt twice a week. They should be made so tame that they will come and eat out of a dish or out of your hand. Lambs are more easily made tame than older sheep. The tamer they are, the easier they are kept.

At this season of the year the grass has lost some of its nutriment, and lambs will not keep in good condition without some extra attention; and if they come to the barn thin in flesh, and we then begin to feed them on grain, it will be very apt to bring on the scours; and if that disease once takes hold of a flock of lambs, it will prove fatal to many of them.

For winter management there is a difference in opinion as to how much space they should occupy. I have found my lambs do best when they cover one-third of the yard or shed. Lambs should be fed under cover, and never suffered to be out in any storm; moist snow or rain is very injurious to them. Lambs that are housed through the winter will give one-quarter more wool with the same amount of feed. A trough and rack combined for feeding, I have found most convenient, so that hay, grain, and roots may be fed out in the same place. Lambs of the merino stock should be so wintered that the average weight of fleece should be five pounds, and the farmer whose lambs come short of that should improve his stock or feed. If lambs are left to suffer the first year of their growth, it is hard to overcome the loss in after years. When they are kept housed they should be furnished with fresh litter every day; in so doing they will be kept clean and healthy, and make more and better manure than when left to run in an open yard.

The rack that I have found most convenient is made as follows:—Take three set of legs, for a rack twelve or fourteen feet long; scantling, three inches square, twenty-two long, halved together, so that the upper ends will be twenty-four inches apart. Put into them two boards, one twelve inches wide, and one thirteen inches, which makes a trough. One inch from the top edge of the board, bore inch holes eight inches apart, put the rack sticks in the holes which shall be two feet long. They may be made of pine, cedar, or any timber which is most convenient. Put on the top of the sticks a board three inches wide, with braces at each end, and you have a rack or trough that sheep will feed from, and not waste their food, or fill their wool with seeds and hay. They will put their heads between the sticks on each side of the rack, and eat without crowding each other or getting into the trough. These racks will more than pay their cost in a single winter. Of all the various contrivances for sheep-feeding that I have ever seen, these are the most convenient and easily made. They are light and readily moved from one place to another, and a yard can be quickly supplied with a rack of this kind. For feeding bucks or horned sheep the sticks will not be used. A board at each end, raised about twenty inches, and another in the centre with a narrow board laid on will keep the sheep from getting in the trough.

The farmer who lets his sheep run in open yard, and scatters their food on the ground, or in the mud, to be trodden under foot before it is half eaten, and shears two to three and a half pounds of wool from each sheep, may say that sheep keeping is poor business, and will not pay; but if sheep are well provided for, there is no stock that will pay better for the amount of food consumed, and the attention given.

ENGLISH MODE OF FATTENING POULTRY.—The food usually selected for fattening poultry is oatmeal mixed either with scalding milk or water. Cooped fowls should be supplied with fresh food three times daily—namely, at day break, or as soon after as possible, at mid day, and again at roosting time; as much as they can eat should be given them on each occasion, but no more than can be devoured before the new meal; should any be left, it should be removed and given to other fowls, as, if kept it is apt to become sour, when the birds will not eat freely. The troughs for the soft meal should be scalded out daily, which can only be done conveniently by having a supply of spare ones. In addition to soft food, a supply of fresh, clean water must be constantly present, and a little gravel must be given daily, otherwise the grinding action of the gizzard, which is necessary to the due digestion of the food, does not go on satisfactorily; the supply of a little sliced cabbage, or some turnip tops, or a green turf to peck occasionally, being all that is required. A variation in the diet will be found very conducive to an increased appetite, and therefore the occasional substitution of a feed of boiled barley for the slaked oatmeal is desirable. Some feeders have a division in their troughs, or still better a small extra trough which always contains some grains for the fowls to peck at. Should the birds be required very fat, some mutton suet or trimmings of the loin may be chopped up and scalded with the meal, or they may be boiled in the milk or water preparatory to its being poured over the food, and the fat of fowls so fatted will be found exceedingly firm.

EFFECTS OF COFFEE.—The effects of coffee upon the human system are said, by a writer in Blackwood's Magazine, to consist in making the brain more active, soothing the body generally, making the change and waste of matter much slower than usual, and the demand for food, in consequence, much less. These results are produced by the combined effects of volatile oil, a species of tannin, and a substance called theine or coffeine, common to both tea and coffee. It is also thought that the lessening of the general bodily waste which follows the consumption of a daily allowance of coffee, causes a saving of starch and gluten equal to the cost of the coffee.

REGAL IGNORANCE.—A European correspondent of the New York Tribune writes:

"An authentic anecdote about Francis Joseph is so characteristic of that Emperor that I cannot withhold it from your readers. At the late flying interview between the King of Prussia and the Emperor of Austria at Toplitz in Bohemia, Frederick William introduced Baron Humboldt to Francis Joseph. The Emperor upon this asked the King who Baron Humboldt was, *since he had never heard his name before.* The King of Prussia was quite astonished at such a display of imperial ignorance, and emphatically replied: 'He is the greatest man since the deluge.'"

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 20 letters.
My 1, 6, 9, 13, is a river in Germany.
My 2, 17, 20, is a town in Germany.
My 3, 2, 4, 13, 12, is a town in France.
My 4, 12, 17, 9, is a river of Asia.
My 5, 13, 10, 12, 20, is a lake in the Russian Empire.
My 6, 17, 20, is a cape on the coast of the United States.
My 7, 6, 20, is an island on the coast of Europe.
My 8, 12, 17, 6, is a town in Mozambique.
My 9, 7, 15, 19, is a river of Asia.
My 10, 19, 18, 11, 13, is a town in Turkey.
My 11, 7, 13, 6, is a town in Sweden.
My 12, 17, 20, 19, is a town in the Russian Empire.
My 13, 11, 3, 12, 9, is a river of Sweden.
My 14, 18, 20, 6, is a town in Germany.
My 15, 10, 9, 17, is a division of Arabia.
My 16, 9, 3, 4, 12, is a town in Prussia.
My 17, 6, 15, is an island on the coast of Europe.
My 18, 5, 17, 10, 11, is a river of Guinea.
My 19, 11, 2, 4, 13, 9, is a town in Zanguebar.
My 20, 12, 19, 17, is a town in Switzerland.
My whole was a Judge of the Supreme Court of Connecticut, a Delegate to Congress, and to the Convention that formed the Constitution of the United States, and the first United States Senator from Connecticut. CINROS.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 28 letters.
My 21, 18, 17, 1, 3, 10, is an article of clothing.
My 4, 8, 18, 15, 20, is a musical instrument.
My 16, 6, 9, 19, is to please.
My 11, 22, 28, is a liquor.
My 23, 2, 27, 25, 7, 3, is a vehicle.
My 24, 20, 27, 6, 17, 9, is what we all desire.
My 6, 13, 12, 13, 3, is to join.
My 26, 13, 10, is used by hunters.
My 21, 9, 13, 1, is a plant.
My 4, 3, 20, 27, is an insect.
My whole is the name of a celebrated institution of learning. JAMES N. PENOYER.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 34 letters.
My 18, 28, 6, 14, 16, 22, 30, is a city in Virginia.
My 24, 2, 11, 21, 10, 28, 16, is a town in New York.
My 10, 3, 22, 20, 33, 20, 29, 11, is a county in New York.
My 20, 27, 13, 9, 4, is a gulf in Europe.
My 2, 29, 27, 31, 23, is one of the West Indies.
My 5, 26, 20, 2, is a territory.
My 34, 8, 15, 25, 17, 30, is a city in New Jersey.
My 15, 28, 24, 15, 32, is a bay on the Atlantic coast.
My 10, 3, 1, 7, 10, 23, 20, is a city in Michigan.
My 12, 20, 15, 23, 24, 3, is a city in Wisconsin.
My 33, 22, 18, 10, 29, 16, 20, is a city in Vermont.
My whole was the crowning glory of the American arms. HOCKLEY.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 5 letters.
My 1 is a Roman numeral.
My 2 is a vowel.
My 3 is a Roman numeral.
My 4 is a vowel.
My 5 is a Roman numeral.
My whole is a title often given to females. GARNEW.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a portion of the great salt sea.
My second is a vowel.
My third is used for catching fish.
My whole is used in war.
Hurricane Branch, Ind. FRANK.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is the time to rest.
My second belongs on your head;
My whole—if I know best—
You have on when you travel to bed. GARNEW.

ANAGRAM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 5 letters.
Omit my 1, and I am what some children are at school.
Omit my 1 and 2, and I am what Adam and Eve did for which they were driven out of Paradise.
Omit my 1 and 3, and take my 4, 5, and 3, and I am a drink used by many.
Omit my 2, and place my 5 for my 2, and leave my 3 in its place, and omit my 4, and I am a large body of water.
Omit my 1 and 2, and put my 5 for my 3, and I am what we all do.
Omit my 3, 4, and 5, and put my 2 for my 1, and my 1 for my 2, and you will see me on many public documents.
My whole is a useful article for children at school. CHARLES M. BAKER.

GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Six equal circles touch each other externally, and so close between the points of contact just one acre. Required the radii of the circles? ARTEMAS MARTIN. Franklin.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ When a kiss passes between Albert and Victoria what London public building does it resemble? Ans.—The Royal Exchange.

☞ "VERY BAD."—Why are washerwomen, busily engaged, like Adam and Eve in Paradise? Ans.—Because they are *so-apy*.

☞ Why is a pawnbroker a man of large family?—Ans.—Because his house is always full of little *pledges*.

☞ Why would ladies of a certain (*uncertain*) age make the best commercial agents? Ans.—Because they take a lively interest in maritime (marry time) affairs.

CURIOSITIES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Some of the pieces left when a sailor makes up his mind.
A leaf from an almanac showing the *full* and change of the honey-moon.
A pen made from a quill that was taken from the wing of a flying report.
Some of the timbers taken from a wreck of fortune.
A hair from the head of a discourse.
A pillow for the bed of a river.
But what would be of most interest to us, if we could see it, is a few dimes left of a large estate after the owner has been engaged in an extensive lawsuit for a few years. J. F. JOHNSON.
Long Run, Ky.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.—Metellus Numidicus. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—Still Waters Run Deep. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—The Washington Monument. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—Greenland.—CHARADE.—Braddock. CHARADE.—Easton. CHARADE.—Drum-major. ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.—44 feet 3 inches, 8 feet 8 inches. ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.—10 and 12. ANAGRAMS.—Helena, Hollister, Morgantown, San Antonio, Edgartown, Henderson, Reading, Saginaw, Greensburg, Rockingham.

A GOOD SHOT.—Among the most active and daring of Marion's men, were Robert Simons and William Withers. They had been sent together on some confidential expedition, and while resting at noon for refreshment, Withers, a practiced shot, was examining his pistols to see if they were in good order, while Simons sat near him, either reading or in a reverie. "Bob," said Withers, "if you had not that bump on the bridge of your nose, you would be a likely young fellow." "Do you think so?" said Simons, listlessly. "Yes," said Withers, "I think I can shoot off that ugly bump on your nose. Shall I shoot?" "Shoot!" said Simons, and crack went the pistol. The ball could not have been better aimed; it struck the projecting bridge, demolished it forever, and henceforth Simons was the ugliest man in the army.

☞ An honest Dutchman, on being asked h often he shaved, replied: "Dree dimes a vee every tay but Soontay; den I shafe effery tay."